

the original was all men who care to know can easily learn), nor was he happier or more truthful in Stiggins; but Dickens' individuals become Mr. Lilly's classes, constitute a "brotherhood," the "baser portion of the Dissenting interest," whose "jealousy of the social superiority of the Anglican clergy" makes them the "allies" of "the English admirers and disciples of Hébert and Chaumette." That is the sort of thing "Exeter Hall" in its most abandoned days never equalled. Why, there were men, and these the men who inaugurated the movement Mr. Lilly so hotly condemns, who believed not only the Anglican Establishment, but all establishments of religion, to be wrong and unchristian, and yet were of a saintliness Francis of Assisi would not have been ashamed to own, and of a courage even Athanasius might have envied. They were quite incapable of jealousy of the social superiority of the Anglican, or indeed of any other "clergy," for the only superiority they could conceive was ethical or spiritual, and the only jealousy they could feel was for the honour of God and His Church. They did believe, not simply in the recognition, but still more in the realisation of religion by the nation, and they objected to the connection of the State with the Church because it was more likely to secularise the Church than to spiritualise the State. For such, they contended, had been its invariable result. Christianity began in independence of the State, and even against its will, its purest was its freest age, and nothing had so tempted the Church to sin and to compromise with sin, to tyranny and to connivance in tyranny, to low ends and ignoble means, as its union with the State. The men may have been wrong or they may have been right—that is not the question; but that they were "of the brotherhood of Chadband and Stiggins" is what only a man too void of insight to be capable of justice could think or say. Why, what would Mr. Lilly think of us were we to speak of the man who is equal to such a performance as his as of the brotherhood of Pecksniff, and the fellow of the Pharisee who made broad his phylactery, and aloud in the temple thanked God that he was not as other men? Yet in what way do his tone and spirit and speech differ from this?

As to the substance and argument of the book—it is said to be an *argumentum ad hominem*—may we not ask, Have we not had enough of it? In the hands of Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, and John Henry Newman it was so conducted as to be interesting and instructive, for they were men of genius, and all they did bore the stamp of what they were; but in other hands its weakness becomes through much repetition only the more obvious. The revolution, as Mr. Lilly terms the movement he so vehemently opposes, will never be arrested by representing that Church whose policy and action were the main factors and causes of its being, as the only possible saviour from it. The wisdom that is after the event is hardly sufficient for the saving of the world. And if there is to be criticism of the modern intellectual movement and its representative men, then let us have it from competent hands. Our author is well within his powers when he describes the popular Atheism of modern France and its catechisms, though he rather tends now and then to pile up the agony; but he is less within his province in dealing with Renan and Spencer. In his account of the former he is, while he remains biographical, interesting, though his eye does not always see the really significant point, but his literary exposition is sketchy, hasty, defective, and his positive criticism, especially of the two cardinal *loci* of the Scriptures and miracles, is frequently feckless and throughout unskilled and inadequate. He is more at home with Mr. Spencer, and here his criticism is often both pointed and acute, but it may be described as more negative than positive. Our sympathies as regards both these writers are on the side of Mr. Lilly, and we are as anxious as even he can be to see a really spiritual philosophy both of Nature, man, and history

victorious over the modern mind. But in order to do this the work must be done by men of generous and architectonic intellect, who can rise above the polemics of the hour and view even our little controversies *sub specie aternitatis*.

#### ADAMS' HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES MADISON, 1813-1817 (IN CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE TWO ADMINISTRATIONS OF JEFFERSON AND OF MADISON'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION). By Henry Adams. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THESE three volumes bring to a close the elaborate history of the American Republic from 1800 to 1816, the earlier part of which was reviewed in these columns about a year ago. From the high opinion of Mr. Adams' industry, care, and intellectual force which we then expressed, we find no reason to recede. These qualities are as conspicuous in his account of the War of 1812, which fills these three concluding volumes, as in the parts which deal with the more interesting themes of the Purchase of Louisiana and the various dealings with Napoleon, the party struggles of Jefferson's Administrations, and the singular character of Jefferson himself. Madison is a tamer and more commonplace figure: and the War of 1812, though it contains a good many striking episodes of single naval combat, is on the whole a dismal sort of business, the military operations small, scattered, and generally ill-planned, the leaders personally unimportant, the result chiefly remarkable in leaving matters much as it found them—nearly all the points over which the parties quarrelled just as unsettled as they had been when they were made *casus belli*. This, however, is rather the European view of the War of 1812, which seems trivial compared with the great struggle virtually decided at Leipzig and closed at Waterloo, than the American view, for in American history that war plays a larger part, and even its minor details have an interest for citizens of the United States which no European can feel. Mr. Adams works through these details in his usual minute, painstaking, business-like way, aided by a profusion of useful maps and plans of the scenes of warfare. The sea fights are much the most readable: as at the moment the successes of the American ships against the British Navy, then in the zenith of its fame, were what chiefly impressed contemporaries and chiefly contributed to raise the self-esteem of the American people, inducing them to persist in a conflict which they found very exhausting, and which a considerable section among them hated and opposed. Mr. Adams has some valuable remarks on the causes which so frequently secured victory to the American vessels. He finds them principally in the superior skill and quickness of the American gunners, and in the sailing qualities of the American ships, which had not been constructed upon such comparatively old models as those of Britain. In point of courage and tenacity there was nothing to choose between the sailors and officers of the two nations, but the Americans were apparently more nimble and more inventive.

In the internal history of the period which these volumes cover the most considerable events are those connected with the dislike of New England to the war, culminating in the famous Hartford Convention of December, 1814. Mr. Adams—after bringing out in a very clear and instructive way the growth of anti-war feeling in the three trading States of New England, and the spirit of separation which developed itself in the towns and in the Legislature, threatening not only a direct resistance to the Federal Government, but even an ultimate dissolution of the union—is surprisingly concise, almost curt, in his treatment of the Convention itself. He shows, however, that so far from being a violent body, the men who, as representatives

of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, composed it, were comparatively moderate and cautious, not abreast of the particularist and even anti-union feeling which animated the majority in those States—a majority belonging to that very Federalist party which had fifteen years earlier been the advocate of a more centralised Government, and had denounced so warmly the dissolvent and almost disloyal language of the Kentucky Resolutions. There are many instances to show that parties are usually far more influenced by present passions than by traditional principles, but none more striking than the transformation of the Democratic Republicans of Jefferson's school into the defenders of large powers in the Federal Government, and of the Federalists of Hamilton's school into the Disunionists of 1814, who desired to entrust the defence of the States to State armies, and allow the State Government to intercept the national revenues for the purpose. It is plain that the Federal Government was in serious danger of a collapse when peace was suddenly agreed to by England; and it is hard to believe that the English Ministers, ill-judged as their American diplomacy had often showed itself, would have accepted terms which they had previously rejected had they fully realised the extreme weakness of the American Government, and the means they possessed of further weakening it by fomenting internal dissensions. Peace, however, was made, and peace, coming as an immense and scarcely expected relief, not only set upon its legs again the tottering administration of President Madison, but covered with discredit those who had borne a part in the Hartford Convention, and indeed gave the *coup de grâce* to the Federalist party itself.

Mr. Adams draws out the results of the war and the changes that were passing upon political and religious thought, upon literature, and upon national character, in four suggestive if not always convincing chapters. He notes the rise of the West, and the relatively declining influence of New England: he points out that with New England the social, and, he might have added, the intellectual authority of Old England also declined. He describes the new spirit that began to work in theology, first at Boston and Cambridge, ultimately in far wider fields. He finds, not only in the Boston luminaries such as Channing, but in Washington Irving and Bryant, the founders of a more characteristically American literature, and notes the part which the sense of form and style bore in its development. As he is on the whole impartial between his own country and Britain in describing their conflict, betraying his sympathies only by his natural enjoyment of American victories, so in his estimate of the character and the intellectual productivity of his countrymen he is free from the spread-eagleism and self-laudation which was so common among the writers of the last generation, perhaps a natural reaction against the disparaging condescension with which European critics used to treat American literature. Nevertheless, his European readers will conceive that he overrates the literary performances of the Americans in that and the next generation in a way very surprising on the part of so cool-headed and unenthusiastic a judge. It is quite easy to account for a scantiness of really good work in the United States which contrasts markedly with the brilliance of Britain in the same half-century. Were the comparison made with our own time, the inferiority of Transatlantic production would be less marked. But the fact is there, and, especially when the explanation is easy, and nowise discreditable to Americans, there is no use trying to evade it.

Mr. Adams's book, of which we now take leave, is beyond question one of the most solid and useful contributions made to American history in the last thirty years. It is a pity that he had not given to his history, whose themes are often striking, rather more attractiveness of form. Dull it is not: it is too clear and vigorous ever to deserve that epithet.

But it is one of those books to which the reader must bring his own interest, for the author will not create or kindle it for him by any of the familiar and even laudable arts. Mr. Adams writes to please himself, and says what he has to say in the way that first occurs to him, throwing out his ideas in sentences which are sometimes harsh and seldom smoothed—if the metaphor be permissible—into a continuous surface easy to traverse. However, the History is a right good history. We have learnt much from it, and we heartily commend it to all who care about the subject.

#### GUN AND ROD.

STRAY SPORT. By J. Moray Brown. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

WITH a lightsome charm Mr. Brown takes us to the varied scenes of his sport with gun and rod, at home and abroad. He is a true sportsman—never parading, though proud of his successes; never concealing, though vexed at his failures. There is a straightforward honesty in the account which makes it really living and exceptionally entertaining. Here we have true records of personal experiences; a happy medium between sickening sensationalism and dull matter of fact. To the general reader the interest never flags; to the sportsman who has passed many happy hours by flood and field it will have a fascination unmixed with jealousy. Whether he deals with tiger-shooting and hog-hunting in India, or with field and river sport at home, the author's enthusiasm forces itself on the indifferent, and rivets the attention of the keen observer. And his occasional descriptions of natural scenery are not far short of those of the painter-writer, Jefferies.

Mr. Brown kept a rough sporting diary: with the dry bones there he brings many noble forms into life. Turning over its pages, the crude notes bring up associations never to be forgotten. A magician's wand dispels the mists that enshroud the past, and portrays the old familiar scenes which he now so faithfully describes. He is especially enamoured of his "first kill." The deaths of hecatombs of birds and beasts do not remain in the true sportsman's brain as does the rabbit shot with the old single-barrelled gun that "enticed" him to sport. The first fox, the first grouse, the first pheasant, the first salmon remain—like the first kiss of love's young dream—indelibly imprinted on the memory with an all-engrossing charm, even after he has drunk the cup of life to its dregs. But the "first spear" has a peculiar fascination; and in his vivid description of the hunt one really sees the hog "jink" before receiving its death-blow. To the author his rough actual diary possesses far more value than the most polished, well-turned phrases, which have little to do with the subject in point.

Tiger-hunting is taken down a peg. Absurd pictures and exaggerated descriptions have given a false impression of the sport. Tigers do not exist in such very great numbers as is supposed: a dozen as the result of a two months' hot-weather trip is considered a remarkably good bag. For one tiger that shows fight and makes good his charge, there are twenty that do not. Half the stories about hunting him are untrue, and the other half gross exaggerations. Of course, there is always a threatening of danger which keeps the excitement at a white heat; and, for the sake of the uninitiated, he gives a few valuable hints as to the modes and manners of tiger-hunting. He does not like beating with a line of elephants and shooting from a howdah; shooting on foot or from a tree when the animal is driven forward by beaters is most exciting. He has found the tiger, though cruel, to be by nature a cowardly animal; and, unless he be wounded or finds his retreat cut off, will seldom go out of his way to attack man. An unconscious thrill rushes through one as he reads the author's brilliant account of the killing of his first tiger—there is nothing better in any sporting reminiscences.

The exaggerated measurements of tigers Mr. Brown righteously condemns. He details at length his evidence in favour of less extravagant sizes. As with trout, a little licence is given to an excited sportsman; but Mr. Brown shows that Indian sportsmen of past generations were guilty of terrible whackers. At the same time, even reliable authorities differ to a marvellous extent. The average tiger measures 9½ feet, yet there have been tigers of 10 feet, which are large. But only compare that with the nonsensical, yet recorded, statement that Hyder Ali presented to the Nawab of Arcot a tiger that measured 18 feet! The tail must have been of enormous length, or the salt of exaggeration, so dear to the Oriental as to the Highland mind, must have flavoured the legend.

The author enters *con amore* upon the theme of the "tusked boar," whose courage and form have been celebrated in song, painting, and sculpture from time immemorial, whose head has been assumed as a crest by some of our noblest families, and whose very name is symbolical of cunning, ferocity, and undaunted courage. The tiger respects him, the elephant dreads his ten-inch tusks. Woe betide the wretched dog that comes within his reach! Yet combats with him have given the author much enjoyment and the happiest moments of his life. His jinking is done with all the cunning of a hare's doubling. Yet steel in the end overcomes the ivory. Some call that butchery and contemptible pleasure; but one has only to be personally engaged in the outwitting and conquering, by reason and nerve, of the most plucky, as well as one of the most crafty, animals of the chase to throw off that maudlin sentimentality. To the author "hog fever" was an epidemic almost as engrossing as the influenza; and these lines are ever recurring to him:—

"Then of those days we'll often think,  
And run our runs once more;  
To old companions we will drink,  
And toast the mighty boar."

Though there will be far more sporting readers practically familiar with sport in this country, yet Mr. Brown's account of it is equally fascinating. Whether at Ellangowan Castle, the Bents o' Buchan, or Fort George, on the Clyde, or in Dorset, his narrative is always vivid, sometimes poetic in descriptions of scenery. Nor is he without humour. In a roedeer-drive a farmer had nearly bagged a beater when killing a nice young buck; Mr. Brown heard the farmer's apology in these words: "The bastie wad ha' knocked me o'er, mon, had I no' fired." On another occasion a friend had stuck in the mud when after snipe. In his endeavour to get out he handed his gun to a "known" boy, but without success. When he asked the boy to help him out he received this mocking answer: "Gin ye'll gie me ten shillings I will." The money had to be paid.

The author is not enthusiastic about the glories of grouse—he likes the bonny little brown bird—the pursuit of the more humble partridge appeals more directly to the mass of English sportsmen. Grouse-shooting not only involves travelling a long distance, but is more or less expensive. At the same time the pheasant forms the *pièce de résistance* of many shooting manors. He is not altogether correct in his condemnation of the Ground Game Act with regard to rabbits and hares—where we are writing the country is moving with both, for the farmers never trouble themselves about killing, and they can raise no action for any damages. He cannot abuse covert-shooting as killing chickens in a farm-yard; for a good high rocketing pheasant takes some killing. His duck-shooting at the "Old Dam" is vividly described. This is his pet spot when others fail. Every sportsman has some favourite spot which never fails; as in a river the keen angler is anxious to reach the pool where there is always a large trout waiting for him. When waiting there for the homing of the wild duck, he would study nature in all her varied moods; there he became

more intimate with the habits of birds and beasts; he was never tired watching the ever-changing lights in the sky, of noting the growth and formation of some plant, and of musing in general on all the great, though often overlooked, wonders and glories of the universe. These were grand moments to him: to others, only wasted time. Yet his blood thrilled as he set a mallard "shivering up against the wind." His gillie, Jimmy, was a character. When winged game was failing, Jimmy would (with his usual preface) thus divert his master's attention: "I've seen me kill a fourteen-pound fush in yon pool." He told many tales and legends which made the road sport to the trying-place. At another spot Jimmy would say: "I've seen me putting up five and six woodcock at a time here." No one could contradict him!

The true sportsman has a soft side. He rejoices to see a rabbit escape by swimming over a shallow stream; and he would rather miss a bird than slightly wound it. Yet it is pleasant to bowl over a cock grouse as he comes full swing down wind, to crumple up a rocketing pheasant as he shoots over the tree-tops, to cut down the twisting snipe, or nail a darting woodcock in thick covert. To him no shooting equals the delight of a mixed bag, fairly walked and worked for in the last months of the year. His duties as Musketry Instructor brought him into contact with many—and his satire on specimens of sportsmen is perhaps the most enjoyable chapter in the book. The jealous sportsman does everything in a hurry, and is a public nuisance; the swaggering sportsman is sure to be found out ere long for his whackers; the stupid sportsman is in everyone's way; the true sportsman is unselfish, though keen. No pot-shots on the ground or other poaching dodges, *bien entendu*, can tempt him; he is honourable in the ethics of the sport.

Mr. Brown is also a keen angler. Inimitably does he describe his old fly-book. The haunts of the best trout and salmon are familiar to him; and one enjoys the moral teaching given to his son, who fails in landing a salmon trout after his father has run it for twenty minutes. The work is beautifully illustrated, and will be on every true sportsman's table.

#### THE ANCIENT CITY.

THE CITY STATE OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

It is not altogether Mr. Warde Fowler's fault that the title of his little book raises expectations which the contents do not completely satisfy. It might be expected beforehand that a book published at the present time on the City State of ancient history would contain a mass of various and novel detail from recently-discovered or newly-interpreted inscriptions: would elucidate it by a judicious use of the results of comparative jurisprudence—would tell us, for instance, what was the relation of the Athenian assembly to the real work of legislation, and whether—as some recent scholars have surmised—Athens, or any other Greek State, possessed an approach to Parliamentary Government. Mr. Warde Fowler does not give us anything like this, and we cannot help feeling that he ought to have made more attempt to do so than he has. Most scholars "could grow the flower now, for all have got the seed." But he has scarcely got beyond the best-known results of ordinary classical scholarship. No doubt that was the safest thing to do. He has based his book on a course of lectures given to undergraduates just beginning to read for honours in Greats—that is to say, just entering upon the scientific study of history. And he has given them a very excellent, sound, safe example of the comparative method as applied to the rise, life, and fall of the City State, as exemplified respectively in Rome and in the various States of Greece. They will be perfectly safe in the schools if they stick to his book. But the best among them—and the general public—

might fairly have claimed more liberal treatment at his hands.

However, Mr. Fowler limits himself, with but few exceptions, to the well-worked field of Greek and Roman history, as it is presented by Greek and Roman historians. He gives an excellent account of the village community, and a good, but rather too sketchy, description of the causes which produced the formal combination of villages into a State, which we know took place at Elis and Mantinea and elsewhere, and (in a more complicated form) in Attica under Theseus. He assigns, too, more definitely than any writer we recollect to have read, the cause which brought the union about. Non-Hellenic peoples have had temporary places of refuge—we need only mention Irish round towers and the hill-forts of our own land. So had the Actolians described in Thucydides. But these places, Mr. Fowler tells us, became permanent under the influence of religion. They afforded safe places for sanctuaries, for the security of those gods whom a stranger might capture or entice away (if he could come within call, and knew the proper formulae), and with whom the good fortune of the State would take its departure also. But we do not think Mr. Fowler makes enough of two facts. First, the geographical conditions facilitate this permanence in Greece because there are so many possible *acropoleis* with springs on them, and (as Mr. Tozer has pointed out) an abundance of building-stone, which always secures to the defence a superiority over the attack. Secondly, it is only a religion with sacred images and sacred objects, like Athene's olive branch and Erechtheus' snake—a religion in which the gods are vividly conceived as personal and concrete—which requires strongholds to keep them in. This omission is the more curious because Mr. Fowler gives us a really suggestive contrast elsewhere between the personal king and personal gods of Greece on the one hand, and the abstract *imperium* and vague, semi-personal gods of Rome on the other.

In the body of the book, again, there is less to notice in detail than we had hoped. We think there is a little too much Plato and Aristotle in the book—we mean that Mr. Fowler appears to share the belief of those philosophers: that they were aiming at the restoration and improvement of an actual Greek type rather than at the realisation of an ideal which was really new. Again, when he says that the earliest form of government is an executive power—a single man's power to command, unrestricted save by moral checks—and that the aristocracies transformed it into something like constitutional government, one is tempted to wish more than ever that he had considered those early and amorphous stages of society in which there is no permanent or assignable head at all. And when he deals with the reforms of Solon, we wonder he does not suggest that the order of *Demiurgi* were artisans with special rights over land (like the endowed trades in an Indian village). Still more do we feel inclined to add to his account that the oppressed cultivators at Athens, just before Solon, the *Hektemoroi*, whose rent was a sixth of the total produce of their holdings (no small burden, either, in a barren land like Attica), were really immigrants analogous to the *fuidhirs* of early Ireland. They were merely outcasts, or the descendants of outcasts, whom the Boeotian and other movements had driven into the quiet backwater of Attica, and whom, as strangers, the Eupatridæ felt at liberty to exploit at will. And to turn from the earlier part of the book to the latest chapter, the sketch of the decay of the Roman City State does not clearly bring out the fact that it does not die in the reign of Augustus, but in that of Trajan.

We have said so much about what Mr. Fowler omits that we have hardly done justice to what he says. The fact is, most of what he says has been familiar to most adult students of ancient history ever since they began to read for their degrees. New generations follow on, and these will find in

Mr. Fowler's book an excellent and thoroughly safe guide. They will see the comparative method at work, and obtaining indisputable results; and they will not have to unlearn a single important statement that they find in the book. But when we reflect on what a book on the City State *might* be in this year of grace 1893, we feel that we would gladly barter some of Mr. Fowler's scrupulous accuracy for an adventurous use of the scientific imagination.

#### THE CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by William Aldis Wright. Vols. VIII. and IX. London: Macmillan & Co.

AFTER many months' labour Mr. W. Aldis Wright has completed the second edition of the "Cambridge Shakespeare"—truly a contribution of permanent value to English literature. The pleasure felt in contemplating the accomplished work of others is increased many times if the spectator is assured that the worker took pleasure in his labours; and this satisfaction the "Cambridge Shakespeare" affords. Collating and editing a great writer, and on the great scale of this monumental work, is not the dry, mechanical, repulsive task of popular fancy. It is not a trawl-net that Mr. Wright has used lifting the shoals of variations that fill Shakespearian waters. He and his coadjutors fished with the fly, rejecting all except essential readings. The exercise of judgment and skill is neither servile nor mechanical; and it is a sad comment on the state of public opinion that Mr. Wright should still find it necessary to plead against the depreciation of laborious work heartily performed, entailing the constant activity during a long period of the keenest critical insight.

There were editors of Shakespeare before Mr. Wright, and this he acknowledges with some generosity. He has endeavoured to give each annotator his due, and so secure a tardy justice for those whose merits have not been sufficiently recognised. On this matter we cannot forbear to quote an admirable passage from the first preface:—

"An editor of Shakespeare, even if he misses his meed of fame and praise, finds a sufficient reward in the labour itself. He feels that he is not, in Hallam's phrase, 'trimming the lamp of an ancient sepulchre,' but trimming a lamp which lights modern dwellings, and which will continue to light the dwellings of many generations of men yet to come. It is no mean task but a noble privilege, to live in daily intercourse with the greatest of merely human men, to acquire a constantly increasing familiarity with the thoughts of the subtlest of thinkers, and the language of the most eloquent of poets. The more we endeavour to fathom and to grasp the mind of Shakespeare, the more we appreciate his depth and his sublimity."

It is customary and wise to magnify one's office, and we do not think Mr. Wright has praised his beyond the height. If now the value of the labours of the native editors of Shakespeare is appreciated more fully than formerly, that result is largely due to the "Cambridge Shakespeare," which contains the flower of the editorial work of a long line of Englishmen, some of them the most distinguished and accomplished of their time—Rouse, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Capell, Steevens, Malone, Blackstone, Farmer, Tyrwhitt, Rann, Boswell, Singer, Sidney Walker, with their successors of the present generation in England, Germany, and America, "who have devoted themselves to the illustration of Shakespeare as to a labour of love." We owe the text of Shakespeare primarily to the native editors. While others, both at home and abroad, devoted themselves to the discovery of Shakespearian 'mares'-nests, and the invention of mushroom theories of Shakespeare, these Englishmen found an actual thing to do, and did it to the best of their ability and with what light they had. Theories of Shakespeare, discoveries of equine broods, will come and go with every generation of men, but the names of William Aldis Wright, of his predecessors and contemporaries who have laboured, and of his successors who shall labour, to preserve as

true a text as may be of the greatest English book, shall always be well thought of by Englishmen.

It is important to note that this second edition of the "Cambridge Shakespeare" is not by any means a reprint of the first. Additions and corrections amount to many thousands, and there is scarcely a page without them. The editor's endeavour was to include all that was overlooked in the first edition, to correct what was erroneous, and to add what has appeared since. Mr. Wright may not have recorded all the various readings which are due to printers' errors, and all the changes of versification which have been suggested, but it is safe to say that he has not neglected anything of real importance. He has provided an edition of Shakespeare which will not require to be superseded for another twenty years, and a basis and method which can never be superseded. He deserves, and we believe has, the honour and thanks of every one who can read Shakespeare intelligently.

#### FICTION.

**THE TWO LANCROFTS.** By C. F. Keary, author of "A Mariage de Convenience." In 3 vols. London: J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

**THE PASSING OF A MOOD.** London: T. Fisher Unwin.

**DECLINED WITH THANKS.** By Ernest Mulliner. London: Henry & Co.

BY those who think that a novel should possess a plot, "The Two Lancrofts" will hardly be considered a success. From the opening chapter, in which the hero is driven by stress of circumstances into substituting a bank clerkship for a University career, until the end of the third volume, in which he abruptly expires, there is a marked absence of cohesion between his various adventures. And this want of unity is greatly aggravated by the intrusion of a mob of nebulous and irrelevant minor characters, who keep up a chorus of inconsequent chatter with all the incoherence, but none of the wit, of *Punch's* "Voces Populi." We have spoken of the hero, but there are, in reality, two, as the title indicates. Willie and Hope Lancroft are cousins, and as unlike as cousins usually are; Willie being literary, muscular, and simple-minded, while Hope is artistic, Bohemian, and shrewd to an uncanny degree. Both the young men fall, in turn, under the influence of a certain London actress, and Thyrsa Winnstay is destined to bring wreck and ruin to the weaker morale of Willie Lancroft, who succumbs to her wiles when smarting from the pangs of rejection by another woman. In tracing the chequered careers of the two cousins, Mr. Keary has found occasion for some powerful, if unpleasant, scenes of life in Parisian *ateliers* and London bars; but the strength of the book lies entirely in these detached passages, and the interest of the story is seriously marred by the weakness of its construction. Nor is this notable deficiency in plot atoned for by any sustained success in characterisation. Willie Lancroft, indeed, after his rejection by Ela Featherstone, suffers a collapse of moral fibre for which the reader is wholly unprepared, whilst the transformation of Mr. Sloane-Jarvis, the mentor of his boyhood, from an enthusiastic young schoolmaster into a monster of cold-blooded cynicism, gives one the impression that the author has sought to combine two distinct conceptions into one single character. An equally inartistic feature of the book is the introduction of a mass of heterogeneous "copy" in prose and verse, in the shape of frequently recurring scraps of very minor poetry, and an essay on Realistic Fiction (professedly a lecture delivered by the hero at the Royal Institute), none of which would be likely to gain admission to the papers of any monthly magazine. Many readers, too, might reasonably be offended by the obtrusion of a quasi-theological discussion conducted, at great length, in a Paris studio by personages of small intellect and no morals. Since the days of "Robert Elsmere" speculative theology

has unhappily come to be regarded as the novelist's legitimate province; but such a topic, handled in such a manner, conveys the impression of something worse than an error in taste; and the persistent coarseness of the language equally unnecessary and unpleasant.

Yet, despite faults so many and so glaring, the book is undeniably a clever one. The kaleidoscopic scenes portrayed by the author show keen insight and studious observation, and are worthy of a less unlovely setting. Mr. Keary, in short, displays at once so much ability and so faulty a method that his book must be pronounced a very disappointing one.

So distinguished a reputation has the Pseudonym Library established for itself that the appearance of one more of the little, yellow, quaintly-shaped volumes raises pleasurable anticipations in the reader's mind. Nor will these expectations be altogether disappointed by "The Passing of a Mood," though the present volume can scarcely be said to achieve so decided a success as some of its precursors. Sustained interest cannot, of course, be looked for in a collection of tiny impressionistic sketches such as these; but the handling of them is, on the whole, artistic, and at times—as in "The Life that was Never Begun," and "The Cab Runner"—powerful. In both of these sketches, short and slight as they are, the note of subdued pathos is struck with sincere and delicate art. The stories, however, are curiously unequal in merit, many of them being trivial and pointless, and over-elaborated to a degree that suggests the carving of cherry-stones. These are faults incident to youth; and immaturity seems to proclaim itself in the palpable affectation which occasionally mars the author's style. But it would be unjust to let these defects outweigh the real talent the book displays. It has both imagination and feeling; and in the sketch entitled *Cross Purposes* we note an observation of character and a quality of sympathy that promise well for future work by the same pen.

We must congratulate the author of "Declined with Thanks" upon his choice of a title—a choice which shows not only good humour, but discrimination, and is, indeed, abundantly justified by the contents of the volume. With the exception of two ghost-stories—both capitally told—the book shows no sign of ability, and is merely a poor imitation of that author beloved of the cockney, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Unfortunately, to persons not gifted with appreciation of "the new humour," Mr. Jerome's own style is sufficiently painful, and the task of wading through a deliberate and diluted copy of that style is something akin to torture. It is surprising that Mr. Mulliner can persuade himself there is still some fun to be extracted from such ancient and empty topics as "the lodging-house cat," or the broken English of an amorous Frenchman. Yet these, and kindred subjects, supply the greater part of the book; and the amusement afforded by them is of a nature more congenial to school-boys than to grown persons. The author hints at aspirations towards dramatic writing, and most of these stories give a taste of his quality as playwright, being mainly constructed upon the lines of the antiquated "rough-and-tumble" farce which, obsolete as it now is upon the boards, is even more distinctly out of date in literature. This dreary buffoonery is the more irritating inasmuch as, when Mr. Mulliner leaves off trying to be "funny" after his master's methods, he proves himself capable of writing a really good story of the supernatural, bloodcurdling kind. The two ghost-stories to which we have already referred, called respectively, "Tacky Marlow's Ghost," and "A Dead Man's Hand," are quite thrilling enough to be pleasantly "creepy" reading for a winter's night; and it is only when the author relapses into his comic vein that boredom steals once more upon the exasperated reader. Yet there are undoubtedly many people to whom the very defects we lament in "Declined with Thanks," will appear in the guise of

pages

virtues; and by such the book is likely to be read with pleasure, if without intelligence.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

"If thou wilt see much in little," declared Thomas Fuller, "travel the Low Countries." Thackeray, on the strength of a week's ramble, went into raptures "About Holland," and shocked his friends by the assertion that after all Amsterdam was as good as Venice, "with a superadded humour and grotesqueness which gives the sightseer the most singular zest and pleasure." We agree with Mr. Greville Matheson, the title of whose modest book we have already quoted, that a course of Motley's "Dutch Republic" ought to be taken as the best preparation for a trip to the ancient cities and along the placid water-ways of this kingdom rescued from the sea. Holland is rich in glorious memories, and the man who goes to the land of dykes and windmills without any real acquaintance with its history remains only half alive to its charms. Professor Thorold Rogers used to say that the debt which civilisation and liberty owe to the Dutch is greater than that which is due to any other race—size at discretion. There is scarcely a department of science or learning in which Holland has not led the way, and England, beyond all other nations, has reaped what this sturdy, gallant race of thinkers and workers has sown. Spring, for some reasons, is perhaps the best time for a visit to Holland, for then, as Mr. Matheson reminds us, around Haarlem and Leyden the tulips, hyacinths, anemones, and fields of other flowers are in all their glory. The country looks its best, and the weather is, of course, not sultry in April and May. Yet it seems even then there are drawbacks, especially to the dreamy and pre-occupied tourist: "Dutch cleanliness has long been proverbial, and in the early part of the year the Dutch housewife runs riot, and spring cleaning is rampant. The hose is turned on the fronts of houses on the slightest provocation, so that the unwary traveller should look to it that he gets not a sudden ducking." Moreover, the hotels are often only half manned with waiters, repairs are in progress, and the eyes of the proprietor are on August—a circumstance which is not provocative of undivided attention to the passing stranger in May. The picture galleries and museums are also at this season of the year often in process of restoration, and—well, on the whole, we are inclined to say, in spite of Mr. Matheson try October. The roving Englishman who has only a few days at his disposal cannot do better than pay a visit to Holland. It is quickly reached, it is a small, compact country, and all, or nearly all, its points of interest lie within easy distance of each other. It is said—but we do not advise anyone to pin his faith to the statement—that a bird's-eye view of almost the whole of Holland can be obtained from the summit of one high tower. It is a restful country, for the Dutch are as deliberate as they are methodical, and the characteristics of the scenery are tranquil, not to say tame. Three-fifths of the people are adherents of the Dutch Reformed Church; next in order of precedence come the Roman Catholics; and the ubiquitous Jew, wielding in Holland, as elsewhere, to a greater or less extent, the power of the purse, brings up the rear. Broadly speaking, the population numbers four millions and a half, and the total area of the country is 12,680 square miles. As a rule, the shilling guide-book is hopelessly meagre and superficial, and is filled in the majority of cases with platitudes and general statements—vague to the point of distraction. This little manual "About Holland" is packed with facts, and positively bristles with exact information and pithy hints, and many of them relate to the less-known districts. There are many illustrations, some useful maps, and by way of frontispiece a charming portrait of her youthful and comely Majesty the Queen of Holland, arrayed in quaint and picturesque Frisian costume.

Mr. Walter Besant has just brought out a brief "History of London," and the little volume of two hundred and fifty pages, we gather from internal evidence, is intended for use as a reading-book in schools. It is an admirable sketch of its kind, written with knowledge, judgment, and skill, and nothing of moment which is significant, characteristic, or picturesque, in the rise and growth of what is after all the most wonderful city in the world, appears to have been overlooked by its latest, and certainly not its least vivacious chronicler. Mr. Besant appreciates London somewhat in the sense that Dr. Johnson,

\*ABOUT HOLLAND: A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR VISITORS. By Greville E. Matheson (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Limited.) Illustrated. 12mo.

THE HISTORY OF LONDON. By Walter Besant. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.) Illustrated. Crown 8vo.

SOME COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS. By Phil Robinson. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo.

THE STOREHOUSE OF GENERAL INFORMATION: FRICTION TO INDIAN. (London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Company.) Illustrated. 8vo.

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. Edited by the Rev. James Hastings, M.A. Vol. IV. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) 8vo.

JOHN BRIGHT. By J. T. Mills. "Friends' Shilling Biographical Series." (Bishopsgate Without, London: Edward Hicks, junr.) Portrait. Crown 8vo.

Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Charles Dickens appreciated its great associations, its historical buildings, its quaint and beautiful aspects, and the ceaseless ebb and flow of its strangely diversified social life. There is no parade of reading in the book, nor is the text encumbered with foot-notes; but on every page those who read between the lines can see that Mr. Besant's fresh and racy description of the City at successive stages of its growth is based on Stow, Froissart, Lydgate, Maitland, Cunningham, and gossips great and small—not forgetting, of course, the immortal Mr. Samuel Pepys, who made such a brave show as a person of quality and an agreeable rattle under Charles the Second of damaged memory. Mr. Besant could scarcely be dull if he tried, and in those pithy chapters he assuredly has not made the attempt. The lights and shadows of Old London alternately gleam across and darken the page, but the cheery optimism of the author has a trick of asserting itself even under depressing circumstances, and, in consequence, the outlook of the book is distinctly attractive. The art of the novelist is everywhere more or less in evidence, and the narrative at every turn conveys a realistic impression of places and people, manners and movements, which long ago waxed old and vanished away. There is neither preface nor introduction to the work, and no hint, that we can discover, of the audience to which it is specially addressed. On almost the final page of the book, however, the "chief lesson" of the narrative is neatly summed up in a few sentences, and from them we conclude that the ethical needs of youthful readers have inspired the closing appeal to public spirit, patriotism, and a due reverence for ancient institutions and privileges of the past. No one will be in the least degree inclined to quarrel with Mr. Besant when he says:—"London is crammed full of associations for those who read and know how to think. You will be better citizens of the present for knowing about the citizens of the past. . . . Above all things, vote always, and let the first duty in your mind always be to protect your rights and your liberties." We are rather surprised that Mr. Besant—who, with all his virtues, is a somewhat ostentatious philanthropist—did not put the matter rather differently by making an appeal to his youthful readers to safeguard their liberties, and to "protect"—so far as in them lay—the "rights" of—other people. The book is charmingly illustrated, chiefly with artistic reproductions of old portraits and prints.

We know what to expect when Mr. Phil Robinson takes up his parable concerning "Some Country Sights and Sounds," and we are not disappointed in an anticipation of a lively, freshly-written, and pleasant book. Its contents are about evenly divided between nature and human nature, and we are not quite sure which we like best. Mr. Phil Robinson is equally at home in the country and the town, and, in both alike, he has the good sense to attempt only the description of phases of life and landscapes which he understands. Occasionally his wit is a little forced, and, when that is the case, it is decidedly thin in quality; but though the bane of the book is a certain laboured smartness, its prevailing characteristic is a swift appreciation of the changing moods of man and nature and a certain generosity of judgment in regard to the freaks and foibles of humanity. There is shrewd observation in these pages, and perhaps more freshness of expression than of thought. In fact, "Some Country Sights and Sounds," though not in any sense of the word a remarkable book, is still one which is worth reading. The charm of the country is in it, together, it must be added, with some of the cheap wit of the town.

Amongst books of reference which make a creditable and, on the whole, a successful attempt to justify the promise of their title, "Cassell's Storehouse of General Information" deserves honourable mention. The new volume does not, of course, differ either in its scope or in its general characteristics from previous instalments of the work. We are inclined to think that too much rather than too little has been attempted by the compilers, and, in consequence, many of the articles—mere paragraphs of half a dozen lines or less—are so compressed as to be practically of little service. On the other hand, there are not a few really admirable essays in the volume, written, not merely with exact and recent knowledge, but on an adequate scale. Amongst the contributors to the present volume are Professor A. H. Keane, Professor G. S. Boulger, Dr. Hamer, Mr. Laird Clowes, and a number of other well-known specialists. The coloured maps and plans are excellent, and high-class wood engravings are also occasionally introduced into the text. Such a work ought to be placed on the shelves of public libraries, working men's clubs, mechanics' institutes, and the like, up and down the kingdom; and it ought also to find its way, as a book for constant consultation, into many an English household.

The appeal of *The Expository Times*—the fourth volume of which has just been issued—is to clergymen and theological students. The professional requirements of such readers are kept throughout strictly in view, and, as a class journal of a thoughtful and suggestive kind, *The Expository Times* merits attention. All sections of Evangelical thought are represented in these pages, and writers like Bishop Ellicott, Dr. Grosart, Professor Iverach, Canon Driver, Professor Sayce, Sir William Dawson, and other eminent scholars are represented by essays and articles on various aspects of theology and Biblical criticism

and research. There is freshness as well as force in this magazine, and, on the whole—within recognised limitations—we are scarcely less impressed with its candour than its common-sense.

We have received a brief monograph on "John Bright," written for "The Friends' Biographical Series," by Mr. J. T. Mills. The simple but impressive record brings out artlessly the deep respect which Mr. Bright's character evoked amongst those who knew him best as he went in and out amongst his own people. There are a few slight reminiscences, chiefly of the lamented statesman's home-life, which will be read with interest by all classes of his countrymen; and this picture of John Bright as a plain "Friend" is not without its own beauty and nobility.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE UNITED STATES. An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. (Macmillan.)
- FROM THE FIVE RIVERS. By Flora A. Steel. (Heinemann.)
- THE GENTLE HERITAGE. By F. E. Crompton. (A. D. Innes.)
- SUSPICION AROUSED. By Dick Donovan. (Chatto & Windus.)
- CORNELIUS TACITI DIALOGUS DE ORATORIBUS. A Revised Text, with introductory Essays. By W. Peterson, M.A., LL.D. (H. Frowde.)
- A HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE FROM ITS FOUNDATION TO THE DEATH OF MARCUS AURELIUS (27 B.C.—180 A.D.). (Murray.)
- A.B.C. Five-figure Logarithms for general use. By C. J. Woodward, B.Sc. (E. Spon.)
- SONGS IN SPRING-TIME. By John Cameron Grant. Second Edition. (E. W. Allen.)
- A STUDY OF SMALL HOLDINGS. By W. E. Bear. (Cassell.)
- THE REBEL QUEEN. By Walter Besant. Three Vols. (Chatto & Windus.)
- CASSELL'S STOREHOUSE OF GENERAL INFORMATION. Vol. V. (Cassell.)
- THE HISTORY OF LONDON. By W. Besant. (Longmans.)
- THE CAPTURE OF THE "ESTRELLA." By Commander Claud Harding, R.N. (Cassell.)
- CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY. Fourth Series. (Cassell.)
- BRITISH COMMERCE AND COLONIES. From Elizabeth to Victoria. By H. De B. Gibbins, M.A. *Methuen's Commercial Series.* (Methuen.)
- A MANUAL OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE. By G. J. Burch, B.A. *University Extension Series.* (Methuen.)
- THE CHEMISTRY OF FIRE. By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. *University Extension Series.* (Methuen.)
- ORIGINAL HUMOROUS PIECES. By Francis W. Moore. (Dean & Son.)
- THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTENDOM. By W. G. Tarrant, B.A. (P. Green.)
- A HAND-BOOK OF RATIONAL PIETY. By H. W. Crosskey, LL.D., F.G.S. (P. Green.)
- THE DEVELOPMENT OF THEOLOGY AS ILLUSTRATED IN ENGLISH POETRY. From 1780 to 1830. By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., LL.D. *The Essex Hall Lecture, 1893.* (P. Green.)
- IDYLLS AND LYRICS OF THE OHIO VALLEY. By John James Piatt. New Edition. (Longmans.)
- "THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE." From the writings of Francis Bacon. Selected by Alexander B. Grosart. (Elliot Stock.)
- THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY. Edited by G. L. Gomme, F.S.A. English Topography. Part IV. (Elliot Stock.)
- WOOD MAGIC. A Fable. By Richard Jefferies. New Edition. (Longmans.)
- A CONCISE HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1837. By P. W. Joyce, M.A., LL.D. (Dublin: Gill & Son.)
- SONGS OF A STROLLING PLAYER. By E. G. Legge. (A. D. Innes.)
- A HIT AND A MISS. By the Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen. *The Dainty Books.* (A. D. Innes.)
- A MANNERLESS MONKEY. By Mabel E. Wotton. *The Dainty Books.* (A. D. Innes.)
- LILY AND WATER-LILY. By A. Comyns Carr. *The Dainty Books.* (A. D. Innes.)
- THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited from the original text by H. A. Doubleday. With the assistance of T. Gregory Foster and H. Elson. Vol. I. Whitehall Edition. (A. Constable.)
- THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. *The Warwick Shakespeare.* Edited by E. K. Chambers, B.A. (Blackie.)
- OLD AND NEW PARIS: ITS HISTORY, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS PLACES. By H. Sutherland Edwards. Vol. I. (Cassell.)
- THE STORY OF AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORERS. By Robert Brown, M.A., Ph.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S. Vol. II. (Cassell.)

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

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## THE WEEK.

**PUBLIC AFFAIRS:** MR. GLADSTONE'S speech at Edinburgh on Wednesday was exactly what a Ministerial utterance at this moment ought to be. If it

contained no startling announcement as to the future, it gave the Liberal view of the situation with great clearness, and it proved that leaders and followers are agreed in their opinions as to the policy now to be pursued. The triumphant passage of the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons is the event of the year in politics. The rejection of the same measure by that fantastic assembly of private individuals, the House of Lords, is only of importance as it affects the probable fate of that House. It has discouraged no member of the Liberal party; nor has it affected in any degree the prospects of the ultimate triumph of Home Rule. In the meantime the Government, with the hearty support of all sections of their followers, are now bent upon carrying out the measures of Scotch, Welsh, and English reform to which they are pledged. The General Election, when it comes, will turn not merely upon the question of Home Rule, but also upon the Constitutional position of the House of Lords. This, in brief, is Mr. Gladstone's exposition of the situation, and it coincides exactly with that which has been consistently set forth in these pages.

LAST week we ventured, speaking for the British members of the Liberal party, to give utterance to the strong feelings of gratitude which they entertain towards their Irish colleagues in the House of Commons, whose loyalty throughout the Session has been so exemplary. We now venture to cull a passage from an article in the *Freeman's Journal* written in acknowledgment of our remarks. Those who are still building their hopes for the failure of Home Rule upon the continued hostility of the two peoples are clearly building on the sand. After quoting our remarks our contemporary continues:—

It is by the cultivation of the spirit indicated in this extract between the two democracies that a liberal and workable Home Rule is to be secured for Ireland. It is by the preservation and encouragement on both sides of such a spirit that the concession of Home Rule will be secured and its working facilitated. The English people want to make friends. There is no topic that goes more home to their consciences, that wins them more hearty applause, than the reconciliation of the two peoples. They are glad to believe that having had a long spell of hatred and distrust they are going to have a longer spell of confidence in the future. They are eager to offer Irish freedom as the price of Irish friendship. The man, whoever he be, who strives to revive old race hatreds, who strives to sow the seeds of

jealousy and all uncharitableness between the two peoples, is no true friend of either. If liberty was worth fighting for, surely it comes better without fighting. If Irish liberty has ever been considered cheap at the price of Great Britain's eternal hostility, surely it is not less worth having when Britain's friendship comes along with it. *The winter sittings will give a splendid chance of further strengthening that alliance, by proving that the Irish Party can be as vigorous and persistent in their attendance for English reform as when the great measure of Irish National Self-Government was before the House.*

WE are glad to see the address of the Liberal Churchmen's Union to Mr. Gladstone. It is not the mere weight of the names appended to the document that gives it importance, but it is the fact that it shows that, after all, there is a leaven of Liberalism within the Established Church. The friends of that Church will do well to lose no opportunity of making this fact apparent, for no institution professing to be national in its character can hold its own in these times when it is notoriously the slave of a single political faction. The folly of those ministers of the Church who convert their pulpits into Tory platforms does not need to be pointed out; yet, foolish as such conduct is, it has been largely on the increase in recent years. It is well, in these circumstances, that some effort should be made to convince the world that, after all, the Church of England is, speaking politically, something more than a mere branch of the Primrose League—an idea which three-fourths of the clergy seem anxious to instil into the minds of their congregations.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is not satisfied with our definition of Tooley Street, and specially resents the imputation that its own oracular utterances on behalf of "the nation at large" are eminently Tooley Street performances. We have no desire to quarrel on such a subject with our contemporary, though we hope it has learned the wisdom of not using weapons against its adversaries which may so easily be turned against itself. We have said before, that to speak of the National Liberal Federation as a Tooley Street organisation is simply to display gross ignorance of its real character. Liberals, with good reason, detest and despise the huge boycotting association which calls itself the Primrose League, but they are not so foolish as to apply this offensive Tooley Street epithet to it. Wise men among our adversaries will be just as unwilling to make nonsensical comparisons between the three tailors of immortal fame and the largest of all the political organisations of England, even although that organisation seems, from their point of view, to be on the wrong side

in politics. We observe, by the way, that the *St. James's Gazette*, which specially affects to represent the more refined of the upper classes, delights itself by habitually referring to the National Liberal Federation as the "Liberal Fed. Ass." The humour and the refinement of this witticism are alike obvious.

THE proceedings of the London School Board recommenced on Thursday with the usual annual address from its chairman—an address containing highly controversial matter, which provoked warm protests from the members of the minority of the Board. Satisfactory evidence was produced of the progress of the education of London youth—even the most reactionary majority can hardly check that—but bitter complaint was made as to the irregular "dictatorship" of the Education Department, and the requirement that inspectors who are not experts should report upon the sufficiency or otherwise of school buildings. We hardly think the Board would find a surveyor's report much more satisfactory. The complaint of the Chairman that the Inspector objected to a school building because "tall buildings had grown up round it" is an excellent illustration of the kind of spirit in which a local authority, uncontrolled by a Government department, would manage its affairs. The education and health of London children is far too important to be dealt with thus. There was some comment on an alleged mistake by the Department in a matter of school statistics at Hackney—we observe no reference to the great Pimlico case—and the religious question was touched on in the spirit, on the whole, of Mr. Forster's compromise, and in a way that must have been very unsatisfactory to the majority of the Board. The address, in fact, was too much occupied with controversial matter, and it is not surprising to find even the *Times* demanding what is the constructive policy of the majority of the Board. To that we fear there is no clear answer.

Two important meetings have been held this week: that of the Iron and Steel Institute at Darlington—the birthplace of English railways, and appropriately enough the day selected is noted in the neighbourhood as the "railway birthday"—and that of the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Plymouth. The proceedings of the Institute were almost exclusively technical and scientific. Those of the Congress of Chambers of Commerce had naturally a wider interest. The most notable features were, perhaps, the hopeful prophecies of Sir Courtenay Boyle as to the near future of British trade, and still more the demand, both in the opening address of the Chairman, Sir Albert Rollit, and in the course of the further proceedings, for the provision by the State of some means for the settlement of industrial disputes. Undoubtedly the need for a Court of Conciliation was never more urgent; and if the establishment of such a court is not yet achieved, the fault lies primarily with those Tory members who repeatedly blocked the Labour Disputes Bill of the Government during the session just ended.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Tuesday contained a very graphic account of the unearthing of a vast number of dead bodies buried within a few inches of the pavement of the well-known church of St. Martin's, Ludgate. For some years past this church has been closed, chiefly, we believe, because of the unbearable odours which filled the building. Steps were taken not long ago to discover the cause of these odours, and the result has been the removal of an enormous number of human bodies, some buried

as recently as fifteen years ago, from the vaults and the foundations of the building. There is little wonder that the congregations who attended the services at St. Martin's were frequently affected by the frightful atmosphere they had to breathe; nor can it be doubted that St. Martin's is not the only church where the worshippers assemble under conditions distinctly unfavourable to health. The good work that has been done in this particular church might be carried further, and a general examination, and, where necessary, purification, of the older places of worship in the Metropolis carried out.

CONTINENTAL observers are still busy drawing inferences from the recent conjunctions of royal personages at the manoeuvres in Hungary and elsewhere. The presence of the Duke of Connaught is supposed by people who ought to know better to be a pledge of the sympathy with the Triple Alliance entertained by the present Ministry, if not of active participation in it at no distant date. Here in England we understand these things better. The Comte de Paris has been invited by the King of Denmark to meet the Czar at Copenhagen, in order, it is supposed, to exploit the Franco-Russian alliance with a view to future contingencies. If such a thing were possible, it would, no doubt, somewhat take the gloss off the *fêtes* at Toulon. But it is safe to say that nothing could make it possible except, perhaps, two or three repetitions of the Panama scandals followed by a Socialist revolution. In another way an ingenious attempt is projected to minimise the importance of the coming fraternisation. President Carnot is expected to visit Toulon; and should he do so it is the intention of the Italian Government to send a man-of-war during the *fêtes* bearing its salutations. The step is scarcely a wise one if the crew are to be allowed to go ashore; indeed, nothing could be more likely to provoke the explosion which is to kindle the expected conflagration. But, should it be taken, it may, at any rate, put the President in an awkward position—both with French public opinion and with his uninvited and undesired guests.

ALONG with all these international courtesies it is recorded that the German Emperor is greatly pleased with the progress made by the Austro-Hungarian army as evinced in the recent manoeuvres; that the French manoeuvres prove that the French army was never more efficient than now; and that the Italian army is likewise on the way to perfection—or would be if any means could be devised for its due financial support. It was also announced at the end of last week that Sweden had joined the Triple Alliance, which is probably like the prophecies as to England—the statement of a wish rather than a probable event. And so Europe drifts on.

BUT the news from almost every civilised country this week exhibits such serious internal disorders that one is tempted to speculate whether, after all, the approach of a great European war might not be welcomed, by some Powers, as affording at least a temporary relief from the economic and industrial crises and political conflicts which are everywhere acute. With the two civil wars in South America, and the extraordinary conjunction of dynamite outrages which has marked the week, we deal more fully elsewhere. But Hungary, Italy, and Austria have serious political crises in full view; in Germany one is only a little more remote; in Spain the success of Señor Sagasta's reforming efforts is still wholly uncertain; and in the United States the settlement of the Silver difficulty is delayed by a fatuous motion for the impeachment of the President. Our own industrial troubles are serious enough; and the

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Socialist leaders are working with all their might to bring about a similar state of things in Belgium and France.

In Belgium the movement for a coal strike so far has met with comparatively little success. There is partial and local cessation of work, and ballots have resulted in a vote favourable to the project; but the number of abstentions has been so large as to make the results worthless. In France the strike in the Pas-de-Calais region is general, and great efforts have been made to extend it to the Nord. Here, however, the miners of Anzin—whence comes one-ninth of the total output of France—have bitter memories of a strike in 1884, in which M. Basly, the Socialist Deputy, made his first appearance as a Labour leader; and they have so far remained deaf to the appeals of the strikers, and to their attacks—akin to those we recently noticed in M. Yves Guyot's last work—on the philanthropic efforts of the coal owners to secure the allegiance of their men. It is notable that the French Government has no hesitation in using troops to prevent men at work from being called out by strikers. Cordons of troops effectually prevent any such marches as the miserable fiasco we recently had to chronicle in Wales, or as that on Ackton a fortnight ago.

M. LAMENDIN, the newly-elected Deputy and secretary to the Miners' Union in the Pas-de-Calais, declares, as the leaders of the English miners declare, that the strike is the work, not of the "agitators," but of the men themselves. As we go to press a ballot is proceeding as to whether the men in the Nord shall come out. Meanwhile German coal is finding its way into France and Belgium; and the consequences to industry—primarily to the local beet-sugar industry in particular—threaten to be very serious, now that stocks are being worked off. But whatever the origin of the strike, it is clearly being used by the new Socialist and Labour party as a first trial of their strength.

THE reports in circulation last week as to the influences at work in promoting the reconciliation of the German Emperor and the ex-Chancellor have now elicited a formal official contradiction, which the text of the telegrams entirely supports. The Emperor, it is stated, acted of his own motion, and informed Count Caprivi beforehand of his intention. It may be added that the Emperor is not likely to regard the opposition to the financial part of the military scheme so seriously as was implied by one of the explanations offered. But there is no doubt that the opposition will be very active. Not only is the military scheme to be provided for, but the increased demands which the navy will shortly make; and, as in the case of our own Naval Defence Act, the Reichstag will be asked to grant supplies for a term of years. The organs of the Catholic Centre indicate that that party will oppose these demands by every possible means. Meanwhile the barracks to be provided will not suffice for the increased army till 1915. For the present, 27,000 men are to be lodged in provisional structures, while 19,000 are to be billeted on the civil population. That is hardly a desirable state of things for either lodger or landlord.

THE arrest on Tuesday of Dr. Gregr, the Young Czech leader, can only further stimulate the agitation in Bohemia. Early this week the Young Czechs published a protest against the measures taken by the Government—which appears to be a lengthy, wordy document, of which the most significant part is the allusion to the anti-dynastic sentiment which the present suppression may provoke. But rioting, meanwhile, continues; and at

Reichenberg—the German oasis where Czechs were recently forbidden to use the public baths—the oppressed nationality has taken its revenge, and besieged a German club throughout a whole night. It is significant that a semi-official Viennese paper reminds the German Liberals that there are other nationalities in Austria besides their own, and that some concession must be made to the aspirations of these latter—in fact, that the "unyielding centralisation," which the German Liberals seem to make their chief aim, has had its day.

THE session of the Hungarian Parliament, which opened on Monday, is likely to be stormy even for Hungary. The recent speeches of the Emperor to various dignitaries seem to have irritated Radical, Nationalist, and anti-Clerical feeling in turn, while all the groups of the Opposition, both Count Apponyi's following and that of MM. Eötvös and Ugron, threaten an active opposition. Meanwhile the extra-Parliamentary agitation of the Hungarian Roumanians has entered on a new phase. An annual students' congress at Buzeo, in the kingdom of Roumania, is to be attended this year more numerous than usual by delegates from the Roumanian students of Hungary; and an address of sympathy is to be voted for M. Aurel Popovici, whose pamphlets on the alleged sufferings of his fellow-countrymen at the hands of the Magyars have just procured him a long term of imprisonment.

THE economic improvement in the United States is being terribly delayed by the protracted debate in the Senate on the Silver Bill. The silver men are determined by all means to delay its passage: if possible, they mean to protract the debate till October 10, when the arrival from the House of the Federal Electors' Repeal Bill will secure a prolonged interruption. Meanwhile Senator Stewart, of Nevada—described by Mr. Bryce as the pocket-borough of the silver interest—has introduced a novel subject into the debate by proposing the impeachment of the President for attempting to influence Congress on the silver question. The separation of the Executive and Legislature was one of the chief aims of the constitution of the United States. But we hardly think its founders contemplated this application of the doctrine. However, the move serves its purpose of wasting time; and there are fears of a compromise which will save both the undue ascendancy of silver and a large part of the present Protective system. The recovery meantime is very slow. President Cleveland's letter, published on Friday, will give Senator Stewart plenty of material for his denunciations. The fact that it has produced an improvement in the situation is rather against it than otherwise, from the silver point of view.

M. ZOLA was entertained at dinner on Thursday evening by the Authors' Club. He seems to be very sincerely touched by the hospitality, "so lavish and so delicate," which has been extended to him during this visit to England; but in his speech at the Authors' Club, which was a very happy expression of his feelings, he showed that his sound judgment has been able to discriminate as to the spirit of this welcome. "Amid all this applause," he said, "all these ovations, he had fully understood that the opinion of the English critics with regard to his works had remained unaltered, only they had seen the man—their author—and certainly they must have found him less black than the legend made him. Then, too, they had said to one another that he had struggled a great deal, laboured a great

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deal, and in him—great people of work that they were—they had wished to honour work." This is perfectly just. Our conviction is that the general verdict of English criticism with regard to M. Zola's works will not change, that there will not spring up in this country a cultus for his form of naturalistic art or his peculiar philosophy at a stage when that cultus in its native land is in process of "petering out." But as for our respect for M. Zola the man, we can assure him it did not need this charming visit to ensure that. M. Zola's sincerity has always been recognised in England, and the austerity and resolution which he has brought to his task have won our admiration as much as his undoubted genius. His visit only enhances a sentiment which already existed.

WHETHER at some future date man will be able to fly is a question that has often been asked, and many and varied have been the attempts to find a satisfactory answer—attempts not, so far, rewarded with success. The failure seems to be in the fact that, when aided by artificial wings, our bodily mechanism is so specialised, and our muscular power so diffused in other directions, that we cannot concentrate it sufficiently to actuate wings of sufficient area to carry us. But it may yet be found possible, by employing other motive power than the human muscles, to imitate the birds of the air, as well as we have done the fish of the sea. Mr. Maxim and Prof. Langley's experiments seem to be very promising, and they have succeeded, or very nearly so, in constructing motors to meet the requirements of such a machine. We may learn much also from the very interesting experiments that are now being carried out by Otto Lilienthal, who, with the help of fixed wings and a steering arrangement, descends from elevated points, at an angle of from ten to fifteen degrees, to the ground. In this way he has sprung, so to speak, 250 metres, and he has now had great experience in steering and in keeping the equilibrium of the apparatus steady during the flight, two important factors in aerial navigation.

MR. ALBERT MOORE was not an OBITUARY. Academician, but he was one of the few English painters of the day whose art is likely to achieve immortality, both by its limitations as well as its essential merits. Mr. Thomas Hawksley, F.R.S., was among the most eminent engineers of the present age. He had been connected with the water and gas supplies of practically every important town in Great Britain, and many throughout the world; he had had much to do with sewerage problems; he was the first to devise the system of a constant supply of water, and he had done much for the theoretic as well as for the practical side of his science. Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, formerly Liberal M.P. for Drogheda, lately a Liberal Unionist, had been well known in teetotal circles as chairman of the Executive Committee of the United Kingdom Alliance. He had introduced the cotton manufacture at Drogheda, and had been a considerable benefactor to the town. Captain Gammell was probably the last survivor of the combatants in the Peninsular War. Mr. J. M. Maidlow had won high distinction at Oxford and at the Bar, chiefly in the Chancery division. M. Sellenick and Herr Kaliwoda were well known in the musical world—the latter as a distinguished pianist and conductor, the former as the bandmaster of the *Garde Républicaine*. Herr Andreas Krüger and M. Mirko Hovat had been conspicuous figures in the political life of Denmark and Croatia respectively. The latter, who, at his death, was President of the Croatian Diet, had been converted by an extension of Croatian Home Rule from a Separatist and Russophile to a warm supporter of the institutions of the Dual Monarchy.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH.

AS the note of a beaten man is violence, so the note of a confident one is calmness. And, let us add, the note of a frightened man is confusion. Confusion reigns amongst the voices of Unionism since Mr. Gladstone delivered his speech of "calm, solid, quiet, but fixed determination" at Edinburgh on Wednesday afternoon. By some of our distracted contemporaries Mr. Gladstone's speech is described as "ominous," by others as "loud" and "menacing"; while others, on the contrary, reassure themselves and their clients by remarking that it is "timid," that the thunder is "sham," that it is all of no consequence, no more than a jilting was to Mr. Toots. We could ask no better indication, for a first impression, of the amount of dynamic force stored up in imposing reserve between the lines of that memorable utterance. For a couple of weeks past the party in whose interest the House of Lords is supposed to be acting have been making merry over the lull which was vouchsafed them as soon as their lordships had discharged their expected function on the *corpus* of the Home Rule Bill. When anyone warned them not to be deceived, they laughed, and spoke of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street. There was something childlike in this delighted incredulity in presence of danger, which it seemed almost a pity to disturb. It is now disturbed, however, and our joyous friends, who have been rudely awakened from their complacent dream, will do well, if they wish to avoid further and ruder shocks, to study every line of the six columns of that "ominous" utterance which has stirred them up. They will find in it many arguments which they will have to answer again and again before this controversy is ended, and they will find in it many warnings which, perhaps, before it is too late, they may yet have the wisdom to lay to heart.

When the friends of the Lords indulged in fatuous exultation over their action of three weeks ago, exactly as they did thirty years ago over an action which cost them the loss for evermore of their influence over the finances of the country, we ventured to point out to them that this flouting the House of Commons was a very dangerous game, in which the House of Lords has never shone to advantage. We referred to some famous instances in which the game was played, and we went so far as to hint that the time had probably come when the people of this country could not afford the patience to endure seeing it played any longer. We will even renew our warnings now—to those who have ears to hear—since the Prime Minister has enunciated them with a voice of such authority. Like him, we delight not in complications for their own sake, and we shall be glad if even at the eleventh hour the Lords hearken to the counsels of wisdom, even though by so doing they obtain a brief respite from an inevitable doom. To be quite frank, we shall be glad to hear from the Lords between now and next Session that they and their party—for the House of Lords is but a branch of a party—have reconsidered their position on the Home Rule Bill, and are prepared to deal with it on the principle on which they dealt with the Reform Bill of the Session of 1885 which they had thrown out in the Session of 1884. Mr. Gladstone did not speak at random on Wednesday. He spoke as Prime Minister of England and the leader of the majority of the people of this kingdom, and his language was weighed. It was the speech of a Minister who deliberately prepares for a campaign against the House of Lords, but who wishes to give that institution fair notice that there is yet something to be gained by capitulation. The Lords are in an untenable position. Their privileges and functions ever since

the era of democratic evolution inaugurated by the first Reform Bill have been a preposterous survival which the wise men amongst themselves have laughed at, and which the much-enduring British people have tolerated so long only on condition of hearing as little about it as possible. The House of Lords, instead of keeping out of evidence, has now drawn itself across the path of the representative assembly of the nation, and, not content with its old privileges, has had the fatuity to put forward a claim for new ones, amongst them the power to compel a dissolution—a suggestion which Mr. Gladstone describes as a “monstrous innovation” and an “odious and new-fangled doctrine.” In a word, the House of Lords, while taking up an untenable position, has striven to make itself extra obnoxious. It has little idea, and we believe many Liberals have little idea, of the intensity of the angry impatience which its action has aroused in the country. Five hundred men, representing no one but themselves, have set themselves against the constitutionally expressed will of six million electors. The position is grotesque. “If there is on one side a determined nation,” said Mr. Gladstone, “that nation will not be baffled by a phalanx of 500 peers. . . . I say we cannot give way to the House of Lords, although they have high-sounding titles, and although they sit in a gilded Chamber.”

Moreover, let due weight be attached to the fact that the House of Lords has now made itself responsible for Ireland's blocking the way. The House of Commons has done its part in removing this deadly obstacle to the progress of British legislation; it is the Lords who are now answerable for keeping it there. Does anyone imagine because the Irish members, in loyal pursuance of the compact between the two democracies, are about to help us to pass some British measures that Ireland will not continue to block the way? If there were never a Nationalist member in Parliament, the Irish question, so long as it remained unsettled, would still obsess the House, it would stalk through the doors even though every party in the place joined in a conspiracy to keep it out. The British measures which we shall succeed in passing, excellent though they be, must needs be but a mere small instalment of that mass of reforms of which the English, Scotch, and Welsh democracy are to-day in crying need—simply an earnest of what Liberalism has the will for the moment it gets the way. How can the social problem, how can the Labour problem be fairly faced until the Irish difficulty is removed? And it is now the House of Lords alone which keeps that difficulty still upon our shoulders. It not merely stands between Ireland and justice, but by doing so it stands between the British democracy and reform. This is the consideration on which the democracy will ponder with most effect, and it was this which Mr. Gladstone had in view when he warned the Lords that “their own independent and irresponsible existence” will be at stake if, owing to any action, or want of action, of theirs a dissolution takes place with the Irish question still unsettled. “Bitterly, when too late” the House of Lords may lament that they ever raised that issue. Mr. Gladstone gives them a temporary alternative to think over. Let them remember the precedent of the Appropriation Clause and the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and reflect that “it may be sometimes desirable to make concessions for the sake of securing a settlement in order to avoid more complete, and what may be called swashing, legislation.”

In the meantime the duty of Liberals is plain. They cannot suspend their campaign while the House of Lords is making up its mind. The House of Lords in its present attitude

blocks the way: that is the dominant fact for the country. For the House of Commons when it meets the dominant fact will be the opportunity of sending up to the Lords a series of intensely democratic measures, as “swashing” as ever it can make them.

#### INTERNATIONAL ANARCHISM.

**O**CCURRENCES in various parts of the world within the past week have recalled attention to a phase of social revolution which has been lost sight of since the exploits of Ravachol and the explosions connected with the Carmaux strikes. In Barcelona, on Sunday, while Marshal Campos, the Captain-General of Spain, was holding a review, an Anarchist threw two bombs into the midst of the Marshal's staff, wounding thirteen persons, including Marshal Campos himself and several officers, and killing one. About the same time the police in Vienna were making a seizure which revealed the existence of an Anarchist plot of a formidable character. It was a most interesting seizure. In a room occupied by two suspected workmen was found a mechanical sofa, which contained a hand printing-press and a quantity of inflammatory literature, and certain tables and trunks which were stored with explosives, infernal machines, fire-arms, and various apparatus of a similar grisly character. The overcoat of one of the workmen was fitted in the lining with a number of wire hooks, on which, it is presumed, he intended to carry bombs about with him. The correspondence found on the premises revealed the fact that these men had been in constant communication with Anarchists in other parts of the Continent and in America and England, and that they were acting under the direction of a committee at Berlin. Herr Most, now in the United States, appears to have been revered as their leader. Their bombs were manufactured according to his prescriptions. Almost while this seizure was taking place some Unionist sailors on strike in San Francisco were blowing up with dynamite a lodging-house occupied by non-Unionists, of whom two were killed and four horribly mangled; in Pittsburg a woman was being killed and her husband fatally wounded by two Anarchists in pursuance of a sentence of death decreed by an Anarchist committee which dreaded a revelation of its secrets; while in Paris a number of Socialist deputies were recommending that the miners' strike in the Pas-de-Calais should be made a general one, and transformed into a “revolution with force.” Already in the Pas-de-Calais the strike had been accompanied by acts of violence. A patrol of soldiers protecting a well had been attacked; and a non-striking miner had had a dynamite cartridge exploded at the door of his house.

It cannot be said, of course, that there is a direct connection running between these various events, though the hand of coincidence collates them with rather striking effect. But they are worth observing together, for in one respect they have a certain common significance, and between some of them at least a connection does run. The organised Anarchism visible in Vienna, in Berlin, in Paris, in Pittsburg, and possibly also in Madrid, is evidence of a degree of system in this species of social propaganda which, so far as we have observed, it has not hitherto attained. What it proves, it seems to us, is the existence of an element in different parts of the world, more or less organised, which is ready to take advantage of any social troubles that may turn up, and supply them with an accompaniment of violence and terrorism. If the system of strikes on a large scale is to grow, if the social evolution is to be worked out by immense industrial deadlocks of this kind, it is plain that on the Con-

continent of Europe at any rate, and probably in the United States, such movements will be characterised by more and more of the features of ordinary revolution. We separate our own country from this category, for while, as was seen in the Coal strike, movements of the kind even with us cannot entirely guard themselves from reckless outbreaks, such violence is here accidental and spontaneous rather than deliberate and systematic. It is openly discountenanced and denounced by the strike leaders; and, moreover, amongst the British working men themselves there is as yet a vigorous moral and religious sentiment, which must act even more strongly than their native common-sense in saving them from a policy of mad excesses. A people who begin their strike meetings by prayer are not much in danger of embracing the creed of dynamite. On the Continent it is otherwise, and it is otherwise with that immense foreign element amongst the working-classes of the United States, who have brought with them some of the worst fruits of the ignorance and degradation in which they have lived in the purlieus of Europe. To begin with, the moral sentiment of the people in a considerable part of the Continent, especially in France and in the north German cities, has during the past twenty or thirty years been largely "evaporated"—to quote the expression of an eminent French economist. Moral restraints will have less and less force in the future with bodies of men embarked in desperate action. Then on the Continent, the strike leaders, instead of acting as a moderating influence, do not hesitate openly to excite the people to violence. Finally, on the Continent the principles of Socialism have taken a very intense hold upon a large proportion of the working classes, and when it comes to efforts to give these principles effect, Socialism, as it is understood on the Continent, seems inseparable from revolutionary methods. The Social Democrats of Germany and Austria may repudiate the bomb manufacturers of Vienna and Berlin, but these latter are recruited from the Left wing of the ranks of the former, and they keep accompanying the movement whether the Right wing or the Centre likes it or not. The spread of international Socialism is followed by the spread of international Anarchism, and whenever the former gives a word of command the latter insists on responding with its music. The strikes at Carmaux, where the Socialist miners headed by the Socialist mayor hooted M. Clémenceau for not being advanced enough, were signalised by the Anarchist explosions at the mines themselves and at the offices of the mining company in Paris.

Now that a new and rather strong Socialist party has been formed in the French Chamber, its members seem determined to obliterate this division between Socialism and violent action which their more steady-going German colleagues have endeavoured to keep up. They have deliberately put themselves in evidence during the past week as attempting to provoke the working-classes to a general strike. Of course the object of these politicians is purely and simply to make a party demonstration before the Chamber meets, to rally their forces and furnish materials for interpellating the ministers. This only makes their proceeding the more cynical without minimising its mischievousness. Listen to some of their words. M. Chauvin, the hair-dresser deputy, at the meeting of the General Strike Committee, advocated a general strike, "but on condition that it should consist in every workman merely folding his arms. The revolution was the thing, and that could not be carried without bloodshed. The conquest of political power by means of the voting paper was much too slow a method." Deputy

Baudin, a hero of Carmaux, thought a general strike would lead to revolution, and if so "the people might depend on him." M. Hamelin, secretary to the Strike Committee, thought it was "useless to shut one's eyes to the fact that the general strike meant the revolution. It would be necessary to take possession of the butchers' and bakers', and to stop at no extremity." M. Coutant, Deputy for Paris, was in favour of the general strike "with the use of force," and his colleague, M. Dervillers, "agreed with him." M. Groussier, another member for the capital, thought the general strike "an excellent course." These men, be it noted, are all but one Deputies as well as Socialists. Their display, we repeat, is mainly insincere and theatrical, and we are happy to think their efforts are likely to result in a fiasco. The people are not anxious for another strike, and even in the Pas-de-Calais the trouble is subsiding. But it must be remembered that these men are leaders, members of Parliament, holders of a most influential and responsible position, and that the population they address is a more inflammable one than ours. That such men are ready on occasion to use such means to make party capital is perhaps the most serious aspect of this phenomenon.

#### THE BISHOPS AND HOME RULE.

THE Bishops of England are labouring just now under the grievous disadvantage, not to say peril, of having apparently no man among them endowed with the most ordinary political sagacity. A prelate like Bishop Wilberforce would certainly have prevented them from perpetrating the extraordinary blunder of giving a solid vote against the Home Rule Bill. It now stands on record that while one in ten of the lay peerage voted for a policy of justice and conciliation towards Ireland, there was not one found among the spiritual peers who had the courage or wisdom to join the minority. We use the word "courage" advisedly, for while the Bill was in the House of Commons one of the Bishops who swelled the majority spontaneously assured the Prime Minister of his earnest wish that the Bill should pass the House of Lords. How shall we account for what seems an exhibition of pure and simple infatuation? The Episcopal vote was not needed. The Bishops knew that the Bill would be defeated in the Lords by an overwhelming majority. However strongly they might feel on the subject, there was no call upon them to parade in the face of the public their hostility to a majority of the House of Commons. Their demonstration of superfluous force was absolutely gratuitous. It served no end except one which the Bishops can hardly have anticipated—namely, to mark their isolation from the popular forces and sympathies which will eventually overcome, as they always have overcome, the temporary opposition of an irresponsible body of hereditary legislators. If the Bishops felt bound in conscience to intervene at all, their opposition to the popular Chamber might at least have taken the form of an amendment which showed a desire to mediate between the opposing parties. What they did was to place themselves ostentatiously on the side of the party which is justly associated in the public mind with resistance to those great measures of reform that have saved England from the revolutionary upheavals which during the last half-century have shaken every Government in the civilised world except our own. It is not necessary to go farther back than the epoch of the great Reform Bill sixty years ago. It is needless to say that the Bishops were arrayed against that measure,

and so strenuously that they extorted from Lord Grey the warning to "set their house in order." Roman Catholic Emancipation they opposed, of course. And surely it is no light censure to say with truth of the hierarchy of the National Church that they resisted, "of course," the national will in its determination to make Roman Catholics eligible for the House of Commons? One would have thought that the Bishops would, of all men, have helped, if they did not aid, the movement for repealing the penal laws which down to nearly half a century ago disgraced our statute book. Time after time the House of Commons passed a Bill for the repeal of those savage laws; but the House of Lords, true to its traditions, frustrated the humane labours of the representatives of the people, and they were aided by Archbishops and Bishops. Let the reader remember what those laws were. Well down into this century it was a capital offence to steal anything reaching the value of five shillings, and in 1814 a boy of ten was hanged for stealing a pocket-handkerchief. Even as late as 1833 the value of human life, as appraised by English law, was forty shillings. Here is one of the reported cases of the legal murders which were common under the cruel criminal code which the House of Lords deemed necessary for the security of property. A young woman of the age of nineteen, with two small children, was robbed of her husband by the press-gang, with the following result. We quote from the report of the trial:—

"She was very young and remarkably handsome. She went to a linendraper's shop in Ludgate Street, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak. The shopman saw her, and she laid it down. For this she was hanged. Her defence was 'that she had lived in credit and wanted for nothing till the press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but since then she had no bed to lie on, nothing to give her children to eat, and they were almost naked; and perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she scarcely knew what she did.' The parish officers testified to the truth of her story. When brought to receive sentence she behaved in such a frantic manner as proved her mind to be in a desponding and distracted state, and the child was sucking at her breast when she set out for Tyburn to be hanged!"

It seems incredible that the House of Lords should have resisted for a series of years the efforts of the House of Commons to abolish such laws, and nothing but their panoply of irresponsible privilege could have made them so deaf to the pleadings of humanity. But the most amazing fact of all is to find Bishops and Archbishops recording their votes against what everybody now admits to have been the dictates of reason, mercy, and common-sense. It is instructive, in view of some of the recent denunciations of Home Rule, to quote what some of the leading champions of the Constitution then thought of the proposed reform of our criminal code. "There was no knowing," said Lord Chancellor Eldon, "where this was to stop; and the public ought to know, once for all, in what the criminal law consisted, that their Lordships might not, from time to time and from year to year, have their feelings distressed by discussions like the present." That is a charming picture of the epicurean aloofness from struggling humanity in which our hereditary legislators commonly dwell. The sorrows and miseries of ordinary mortals are, according to Lord Eldon, nothing when weighed in the balance against the "distressed feelings" of the peers in having their repose disturbed by discussions as to whether boys of ten are to be hanged for stealing a pocket-handkerchief. The illustrious Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough said:—

"I trust your lordships will pause before you assent to a measure pregnant with danger to the security of pro-

perty. The learned judges are unanimously agreed that the expediency of justice and the public security require there should not be a remission of capital punishment in this part of the criminal law." My lords, if we suffer this Bill to pass, we shall not know where to stand; we shall not know whether we are on our heads or our feet. My lords, I think this, above all others, is a law on which so much of the security of mankind depends in its execution that I should deem myself neglectful of my duty to the public if I failed to let the law take its course."

And thus the House of Lords once more defeated the House of Commons, and it was again decided by the wisdom of our hereditary legislators that human life—even the life of a tender child of ten—was forfeitable for a theft to the amount of five shillings in a shop! And six Bishops and one Archbishop recorded their votes among the majority; and all the judges, and all the bankers, and the representatives of property in general, took the same side. This fact casts an instructive light on the wild denunciations which we now hear against the grant of Home Rule to Ireland. But the reform for which mercy and justice pleaded in vain was at length carried by the sordid pleadings of self-interest. The revolted consciences of British juries refused to return verdicts which outraged natural justice; and the advocates of the rights of property, finding they could get no verdicts at all, were forced to join in the movement for the repeal of our criminal code. The Peers and Bishops and men of property of that day were not more wicked than other men—not more wicked in the ordinary relations of life than the privileged classes who are now chanting their premature paeans over the defeat of the Home Rule Bill by an overwhelming majority of the House of Lords. Their eyes were simply blinded and their consciences blunted by prejudice, self-interest, and the pride of caste. The Bishops of that day, too, were as sincere and honest as their successors who the other day recorded their votes against the majority of the representatives of the people. And so were the Bishops who opposed Free Trade. Can the rulers of the Church be surprised if this singular lack of foresight, this fatuous incapacity to read the signs of the times, should be attributed by a growing number of people—by no means Liberationists or ill-wishers to the Church of England—to the numbing and narrowing influences incident to a privileged position? What else could have induced the Bishops, including even Samuel Wilberforce, to join the opponents of Free Trade? And what could be more damaging to the Church than the apology which the clerical biographer of Bishop Wilberforce offers for the action of the clergy as a body in that controversy? "The Anti-Corn-Law League," says Canon Ashwell, "was entirely a Liberal movement, its strength was in the large towns, and the circumstance that it was supported with great eagerness by the Dissenting ministers as a body was not calculated to recommend it to the clergy at large." A more ruinous admission it would be difficult to make. Here we have an able and learned dignitary of the Church, and by no means an extreme man, calmly justifying his order for opposing a necessary reform—not at all on its merits, but because it "was entirely a Liberal movement," had its strength in the large towns, and was supported by the Dissenting ministers. Why cannot the clergy see that the controversy which they seem anxious to provoke has been fought out on the Continent to the serious detriment of the Church? The clergy of the Church of Rome abroad have done their best to identify Liberalism with anti-Clericalism, and the Liberal party have at last everywhere found themselves forced—often most reluctantly—to take up the challenge and declare war against the Church.

And the Church has been the chief sufferer. The English clergy are acting as if they believed the Liberal party were about to be expelled from power for a long spell of years, if not for ever. Can they not see the inevitable result? We do not believe that the Liberal party has any wish to injure the Church, if the Church will only attend to its spiritual duties and cease to be the most potent electioneering agency of the Tory party. But if the clergy will insist on provoking an internecine struggle between the Church and the Liberal party, the issue of that struggle on the Continent ought to warn them that it is not the Liberal party which has reason to decline the combat. And when the day of reckoning comes, the clergy will find that Mr. Gladstone, whom they now appear to regard as their chief enemy, has, in fact, been standing between them and the deluge. The Home Rule controversy can have but one ending. A movement which, in one form or another, has gone on since the Union, gathering momentum in its course till it has at last carried a majority of the House of Commons with it, is practically within sight of its goal. And when the victory is won, people will wonder at the ignorant prejudices which retarded it so long, as we all now wonder at the dismal prophecies which the Cassandras of other days fulminated against every great measure which experience has proved to have been for the benefit of the country at large.

#### TOWARDS A SETTLEMENT.

**S**LOWLY but surely the great coal strike draws on to an inevitable end—an end delayed far longer than either side expected at the outset, and preceded by suffering so acute as to give the best possible assurance of the conviction of the men that their cause is just. Gradually, the miners are returning, or offering to return, to work at the old rates of wages; and the tendency is increasing now that the danger is thoroughly appreciated by the public and by bringing prices to famine height has made the acceptance of the offer profitable. The weather, too, has at length turned in favour of the men; and winter may be near. But by the time we go to press it will not have been even decided whether to open negotiations. Much is hoped from the impending conference at Chesterfield, and from the offer of Mr. W. L. Jackson, M.P. for Leeds—who commands public confidence there and elsewhere as an efficient administrator and an eminently fair judge—to act in conjunction with the President of the Board of Trade or his deputy in promoting that conciliation which ought to be already secured by law. But meanwhile the want of coal is more acute than ever. Durham, indeed, is supplying some coal to the Midlands, as is North Staffordshire; but the railways are blocked and the prices, already in many cases prohibitive, are rising higher still. The arrears caused by two months' "play" will take some time to make up. The course of the negotiations will probably be irregular and uncertain. Throughout October the pinch of want among the railway men, the cotton spinners, the tinplate workers, and indeed in every branch of trade or manufacture which depends on coal—and which does not?—will be more severe than it has been yet.

The strike, as we have often said, has been badly managed from the first. Now, after two months and more, evidence is gradually being collected by special correspondents as to what the miners really earn. It cannot be said that the thirty shillings average per week of the successful man, or the twenty shillings or less of the rank and file, represent much more than a living wage. It remains to be

shown if this was the time to resist further reduction. Lord Masham, who is an authority on this question, if not on foreign trade, declares that a lower rate of wages would mean more constant employment, and therefore a higher nett gain to the men. On this comforting view we must await the verdict of experts, and the experts on both sides have been lamentably remiss in giving the public their full case. Hardly any attempt was made at the outset to give public opinion a fair view of the miners' side. The strike began at a slack time, in a falling market, and in some cases—as in Wales—under circumstances which clearly put the men in the wrong. It is the fashion among their sympathisers to call it a lock-out. It was nothing of the kind. The men were threatened (with some exceptions) with a reduction of wages: they gave in their notices, or came out without notice and were prosecuted and fined; they called out the exceptions, and (in certain districts) demanded an advance equivalent to the reductions of the past two years. They refused arbitration—which the public took, not on the whole unfairly, as a refusal to discuss the situation at all. For a time it seemed as if South Wales and the Midlands would be overrun by a grimy *jacquerie*. In Republican France strikers are barred off from non-strikers by cordons of soldiers and police. In England sympathisers with the men seem prepared to deny that it is the first duty of a Government to prevent a breach of the peace. Radicals of a former generation were inclined to regard this as its sole function. Some Radicals of to-day are so enamoured of collective paternalism that they have forgotten the elementary truth expressed in the false theory of a Social Contract of which their political forefathers were the champions.

We have been brought within sight of a general paralysis of our industries, and we are threatened with the renewal of the warfare at the earliest possible moment—"when the snow is on the ground" next winter, if not this. The partial resumption of work at the old rates is advocated in some quarters, because it will help to refill the federation war-chest. It is hardly wonderful, under the circumstances, that the cry for State interference should come from various quarters—from parties as diverse in their proclivities as the Associated Chambers of Commerce on the one hand, and the *Daily Chronicle* on the other. The "nationalisation" scheme which we noticed last week affords, at any rate, a suggestion of a nationalisation in which the capitalist figures a good deal less, and the nation—the labourer and the consumer in particular—figure a good deal more. As we have said, we do not believe that any such far-reaching scheme is practicable, or even desirable if it were. It might be well if the Crown—or, rather, the State, in England as in Germany—had mines of its own, to be worked (as Schaffle has suggested) as model mines. The workers in them would inevitably stand apart from the unions, under a discipline more stringent than ordinary workmen, under contracts for longer terms, and expiring at different dates with advantages for different sections; minimising the likelihood of a strike, and rules which would confine it to a small area at the worst. Such an arrangement would at least supply a permanent reserve of coal which need not keep down prices, and would be available in any national emergency. And until we can utilise the tides, or the light of the sun, or the internal heat of the earth, the one great source of mechanical energy must never fail for long. But to buy out the coal owners for bonds twice the value of consols and a guarantee of fifteen per cent. dividend—to organise the industry in such a way that cessation of work would mean something like civil war—involves a

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concentration of dangers that we do not care to face. Collective control for the present means arbitration and conciliation and practically nothing more. Had the Government had their way we might have had a legal means of applying it; and it might have been applied a month ago. As it is, we can only hope for good counsel at the meeting at Chesterfield, and for success for the voluntary conciliation of Mr. W. L. Jackson and the representative of the Board of Trade. But while the preliminaries of peace are being arranged, we must all suffer more than ever.

#### BRAZIL AND ARGENTINA.

SO little trustworthy intelligence reaches us either from Brazil or Argentina that it is impossible to follow the course of events or to judge accurately of the strength of the contending parties. Important as are the interests of this country, in both states, our daily contemporaries keep no regular correspondents in either. The telegrams to the New York papers must be regarded with suspicion. The official censorship is so strict that the private messages received by financial and trading houses tell very little, and the Government announcements are worth nothing. But though we are in the dark as to what is really going on, it is easy enough to understand the causes that have led up in both cases to the present state of things. To begin with Brazil, the virtues of the Imperial Family contributed almost as much as their failings to the revolution of four years ago. The late Emperor was a liberal-minded man who honestly desired the welfare of his people. But he did not value his throne highly enough to fight for it. He delegated his authority largely to his daughter and to his ministers. His daughter rendered herself unpopular with powerful parties by her zeal for emancipation and by her attachment to the Church. Her husband was as much disliked as the Bourbons generally are wherever they occupy high station, and her children were too young to have a following. When, therefore, Marshal Fonseca, taking advantage of all this and of his influence with the army, rose against the Emperor no class was prepared to resist, and the Emperor apparently with little reluctance allowed himself to be made prisoner and deported. Marshal Fonseca assumed a dictatorship, and though after a while he granted a Constitution, his was a military rule to the end. His successor has equally governed through the army. The forms of the Government are those of the American Constitution, the spirit is that of the Second French Empire, and it is equally corrupt and equally extravagant. The debt, already too heavy, has been augmented; guarantees to industrial enterprises, already out of all proportion too great, have been immensely multiplied; banks have been established far beyond the needs of the country, and paper money has been issued with reckless prodigality. Just before the Empire was overturned the Brazilian unit of value was worth 27d. of our money; last week it was worth no more than 10½d. What it is worth this week we do not know—probably even less. Corruption, favouritism, and extravagance have ruined the finances, although the country has had the advantage of three successive good harvests. That the people should be weary of incompetence and misgovernment is natural enough; but that the insurrection, even if successful, will establish a better state of things is extremely doubtful. Admiral de Mello was a favourite with the late Emperor, and is believed to be aiming at a Restoration. But the titular Empress is too unpopular to be received back,

her husband is hated and her sons are too young, and therefore, it is feared, would be too much under the influence of their father. It has been suggested that a German Prince, a nephew of the Comtesse d'Eu, should be chosen, but that would be a very doubtful experiment. To try to transfer the affections of the Imperialists to a new branch of the dynasty is not a very hopeful undertaking, and to expect a foreigner to win the loyalty of the Republicans is not very promising. Besides, the whole Continent of America is Republican. Under the most favourable circumstances, therefore, it would have been difficult to maintain the Empire; to try to restore it is little short of desperate. What is really desirable is the substitution of a true Republic for the military travesty of it of the past few years. But whether a true Republic is possible in a country of planter aristocrats, emancipated slaves, and semi-civilised Indians, is very questionable.

In Argentina the outlook is not much more promising. Early in 1890 the maladministration of ex-President Celman became intolerable. A great party was formed under the name of the Union Civica, and at midsummer it rose in arms. After nearly a week of fighting the insurgents laid down their arms, but a few days later the ex-President resigned, and was succeeded by Dr. Pellegrini. It was hoped that he would call to his councils the leaders of the party which had really effected the revolution, but the hope was disappointed. Dr. Pellegrini rested mainly upon General Roca, brother-in-law of the deposed President and favourite of the army. The Union Civica broke up; one section attached itself to General Mitre, who was put forward as a Candidate for the Presidency; the other, or Radical, wing has followed Dr. Alem. The supporters of General Mitre and of General Roca coalesced, and a coalition Candidate, Dr. Saenz Pena, was put forward for the Presidency. To secure his election, the leaders of the Radicals were arrested, and by means of the *coup d'état* Dr. Saenz Pena was installed as President. He is an old man, personally respected but utterly unequal to the task he has undertaken. At first he attempted to govern by aid of the coalition, but the two factions could not agree and the business of the country came to a standstill. The Ministry resigned, and a Moderate Radical Cabinet was called to office. It began very vigorously but was ousted before it could effect anything, and its successors consist of men of no character and little influence. Meanwhile, the Radicals have been growing in strength and confidence. When their friends were called to office they evidently lost their head, and in two or three of the provinces they attempted an armed revolution. This alarmed the president and he got rid of the Del Valle Cabinet. The insurrectionary movement, however, has spread, and as far as can be judged from the scanty and confused news that reaches us, it is still spreading. In three or four provinces the corrupt governors who were following in the footsteps of ex-President Celman have been deposed and Federal "Interventors" have taken their places. In other provinces fighting is going on. Federal troops have been dispatched to the scene of disturbance; in one case the late President Pellegrini commands 1,500 men; but whether the object of the Federal Government is to maintain the existing Provincial Governments or to take their places and allow of free elections being conducted does not very clearly appear. All that is certain is that the Radicals are very powerful and well organised in all the provinces, that they do not trust the President or those to whom he has delegated authority, and that the President himself is little more than a figure-head. The general opinion is that he has fallen completely under the influence of General Roca, and that it is between the latter and the

Radicals that the real fight is being waged. Unfortunately, Congress is utterly discredited. The popular Assembly is hopelessly split up into factions; in the Senate there appears to be a Radical majority; in both Chambers corruption is rife, and in neither can the President carry any measure.

Every friend of free institutions must hope for the success of the Radicals. It is true that armed revolution is not a very promising way of establishing popular government in a country of wide suffrage; it does not argue well either for the temper or the capacity of those who resort to it. But the Radicals plead that corruption and intimidation have been carried to such a pitch of refinement in Argentina that constitutional agitation has been made impossible, and that, therefore, their only alternatives are submission to a shameful and ruinous misgovernment or appeal to arms. At all events there is at least a chance of honest endeavour to do right if the Radicals win. Some of their principles are questionable and some of their practical proposals are bad; but on the whole their avowed aims are honourable and their leaders have not yet been tried. On the other hand, their opponents have had a free hand to do what they pleased with the country, and they have brought it to the verge of destruction. They have loaded it with a crushing debt, they have ruined its credit, they have impoverished the people, they have discredited the Constitution, they have sown disorder and anarchy through the length and breadth of the land. Little that is good, therefore, can be expected from their victory. Yet the city would rejoice if General Roca were to make himself Dictator and to put down all opposition with a strong hand; for the city believes that General Roca would strain every nerve to keep faith as far as might be with the foreign creditors, whereas it fears that the Radicals, if in power, would have little consideration for the bondholders. The city is probably wrong, for a victory by General Roca would but keep disaffection alive, and thereby prevent a real revival; whereas the Radicals, if once clothed with the responsibilities of office, would very soon find that they must pay regard to the credit of the country. Whatever they may say now, they could not when in power refuse to recognise the just debts of the State. If they did they would hinder the introduction of foreign capital, put an embargo upon new enterprise, and so check the return of prosperity.

#### FINANCE.

THE disturbances in Brazil and Argentina, discussed elsewhere, are weighing upon the Stock Exchange, and increasing the stagnation that has prevailed so long. Yet there has not been very much fall in the securities of either country. Apparently the holders are acting upon the maxim that the darkest hour just precedes the dawn. The outlook in the United States, too, is not encouraging. When the House of Representatives passed the Bill repealing the Sherman Act by a majority of more than two to one, it was everywhere hoped that the Senate would quickly follow the example. But nearly five weeks have lapsed, and there is as little prospect as ever of the repeal being carried. The Senate is trying to force President Cleveland into a compromise; but the President is as determined as the Senate, and it is impossible to see how the struggle will end. The fear now is that gold exports from New York will begin again upon a large scale. If they do, it is quite possible that alarm may spring up again in the United States, and that there may be even a worse crisis than we have yet seen. At all events, the position is serious

enough to warn all operators on the Stock Exchange not to enter into new risks. And, unfortunately, the prospect elsewhere is not very much brighter. Italy is in the midst of a crisis which at any moment may have grave financial and political consequences. Spain is saved from insolvency only by constant loans from great French bankers. And all over the Continent there is much political apprehension. Australasia is suffering from the consequences of the banking crash, and the Far East is under the influence of the silver crisis. At home, unfortunately, the coal strike is not yet ended. All this has compelled the reckless gamblers who so causelessly put up prices a few weeks ago to sell out again, and business is as bad upon the Stock Exchange as it has been at almost any time during the past three years. At the fortnightly Settlement this week, for example, the joint-stock banks were able to get no more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for loans to Stock Exchange borrowers—that is, fully 1 per cent. under Bank rate; and even on such terms there was little demand for money. Even investment is upon a small scale. The circumstances do not seem very favourable for borrowing by the Colonial Governments, and yet nearly every one of the Australian Governments is preparing to borrow. On Monday a Victorian Loan for £2,107,000 was brought out by the London and Westminster Bank. The interest was 4 per cent., and the issue price 96. The general opinion was that the price was altogether too high, although the loan adds nothing to the debt of the Colony, since the proceeds will be applied to pay off a 5 per cent. loan falling due on New Year's Day. Yet the loan was fully subscribed in a few hours. There is very much dissatisfaction expressed by the holders of the old loan and by investors generally. The prospectus promised that the old debenture holders would have the preference; but as the subscription list was closed on Monday afternoon, no opportunity was afforded to holders resident outside London to make known their wishes. There appears to be good ground for the dissatisfaction, and we fear that the proceeding will not improve the credit of Victoria, nor is it likely to smooth the way for the other Australian Governments which are preparing to borrow.

The demand for silver continues good, and the price recovered early in the week to  $31\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce. On the other hand, the India Council has again failed to sell any of its bills or telegraphic transfers. It offered for tender on Wednesday forty lakhs of rupees, as it has been doing for some months past, but there were no applications. Practically the Council has sold nothing since the closing of the mints. The rates of interest and discount in the open market have continued to fall this week. The former is as low as  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and business in some cases has been done even lower; while the rate of interest for very short loans is no better than 1 per cent. It was generally thought, therefore, that the directors of the Bank of England on Thursday would put down their rate of discount to 3 per cent., but very properly they have decided not to do so. No doubt their main motive was the uncertainty in the United States. Of course, the joint-stock banks and the discount houses cry out, saying that the Bank of England ought to go with the general market. But that is all nonsense; the first duty of the Bank is to protect the ultimate banking reserve of the whole country.

#### THE PORTUGUESE IN INDIA.

ONE of the most interesting episodes in the entire history of India is the history of the dominion of the Portuguese. For a whole century, from the arrival of Vasco da Gama on the Malabar coast in 1498 until the first visit of the Dutch in 1596, the communications between India and Europe

rested entirely in the hands of the Portuguese. Their great captains speedily ruined the commerce which had hitherto found its way by the Red Sea, and Portugal absorbed the vast wealth which resulted from the control of the lucrative commerce of the East. Sir George Birdwood, in his imaginative and instructive preface to the first Letter-Book of the London East India Company, has pointed out that the supremacy of European nations has varied with their command of the trade of India with Europe. The lessons of history justify his thesis. The opening of the direct route to Asia round the Cape of Good Hope nearly ruined Cairo and Venice, and made Lisbon the wealthiest city in the world. When the Portuguese were ousted from their monopoly by the Dutch and the English, Amsterdam and London flourished while Lisbon decayed, and now that the Suez Canal has caused trade to return to its ancient channel, the cities of Egypt and on the Mediterranean are prospering by the passage of Asiatic trade to the impoverishment of London and Liverpool. The discovery of the direct sea route to India by Vasco da Gama marks one of the great dates in the world's history, and must always have an especial interest for Englishmen in that it was owing to this discovery that England obtained her command of Asiatic trade, and subsequently her Empire in India. It is extraordinary that Englishmen have hitherto paid so little attention to the work of their predecessors and rivals in the East, the Portuguese and the Dutch. Apart from the historical interest, there are valuable lessons to be learned from the study of the successes and the failures of other European nations in India, which have been too generally neglected by English writers on the growth of our Indian Empire.

The authorities at the India Office seem at last to have grasped the fact that the history of the Portuguese in India deserves to be better known in England. Mr. F. C. Danvers, Registrar and Superintendent of Records at the India Office, was deputed in 1891 to visit Portugal for the purpose of inspecting and reporting on the documents concerning the Portuguese in India which are preserved at Lisbon and Evora. He has now published his Report, which makes most interesting and instructive reading. The history of the Portuguese in India is divided into three distinct periods. The first is the great heroic period, which lasted from the time of the first Viceroy, Almeida, and his great successor, Albuquerque, to the Viceroyalty of Dom João de Castro, the friend of St. Francis Xavier, and covered the first half of the sixteenth century. During this period the Empire of the Portuguese in the East was built up. The persistent opposition of the Muhammadans forced the early Portuguese traders to enter on a career of conquest. They seized and fortified important points as centres for their trade, and established their direct dominion within them. The most important of these settlements were Goa and Diu in India; Ormuz, which commanded the trade of Persia in the Persian Gulf; and Malacca, which became the headquarters of the trade of the Spice Islands and the Further East. These were the great days of Portuguese expansion, during which the Portuguese heroes performed prodigies of valour and showed a daring and a constancy which have never been equalled. Isolated from Europe by the long passage round the Cape, obliged to sail in small and cranky ships, and with but a small and decreasing population at home to draw upon for recruits, it is marvellous that the Portuguese Empire in the East spread as rapidly and lasted as long as it did. This heroic period did not lack great historians. João de Barros, Diogo do Couto, Gaspar Correa, and Fernão Lopes de Castanheda were all contemporary writers, and described with picturesque vigour the great deeds of their countrymen in Asia. On few periods in the world's history have we so much detailed information as upon the rise of the Portuguese in the East. The little country felt that its place in the eyes of Europe rested chiefly upon its

achievements in Asia, and the result was that competent historians arose to tell the tale.

The second period in the history of the Portuguese in India covers the second half of the sixteenth century. It was a period of seeming prosperity but actual decay. Occasionally, as in the defence of Goa in 1570, something of the old heroic spirit blazed forth; but Portugal was degenerating and becoming exhausted, and her great captains and her valiant soldiers were becoming fewer and fewer. So great was the real decay that the Dutch and the English, when their sailors dared the passage round the Cape, had no difficulty in overthrowing the Portuguese supremacy. During the first quarter of the seventeenth century the Portuguese monopoly of trade vanished beneath the vigorous onset of their Protestant rivals, and with their monopoly of trade their Empire disappeared. It is perhaps not unnatural that no Portuguese historian has arisen to tell the story of this gradual decay, and in consequence we have comparatively little information with regard to it. Still less is our information with regard to the third and final period of the Portuguese in India. Trade vanished from Golden Goa, and the successors of Albuquerque found it tasked their strength to repulse from their capital the attacks of a minor Maráthá chieftain, the Sar Desai of Sáwantwari. Eventually, during the great war between England and France, the East India Company garrisoned Goa, and the Portuguese settlements in India to-day contain a smaller population than an average District in British India. Of this long period which witnessed the extinction of the Portuguese as an Indian power there is no history and very little information. Occasional allusions to the decadence occur in French and English writers, but Portuguese literature is patriotically silent upon the subject.

This slight sketch of the condition of our knowledge about the Portuguese in India is necessary for the understanding of the value of the Report of Mr. Danvers. He deliberately passes over the period which is so thoroughly treated by the great Portuguese historians—that is, the heroic period of the establishment and expansion of their Empire. But he supplies a mass of valuable information upon the Portuguese in India during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He does not pretend to write a history; he merely gives classified extracts and summaries of the documents he examined at Lisbon and Evora. The history of the Decline and Fall of the Portuguese in the East has yet to be written; and when it is written the author will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Danvers for his patient inquiries and careful investigations. Nearly the whole of the information he gives is entirely new to English readers, and, for the patriotic reason we have hinted at, it would likewise be new to the Portuguese themselves. Mr. J. M. Campbell, the learned compiler of the *Bombay Gazetteer*, would have given much to have incorporated some of Mr. Danvers' notes in his historical sketches of the Bombay Districts, and to no one will the publication of this Report be more welcome than to him, for it exactly fills certain of the gaps left in his otherwise exhaustive accounts of the local history of the Bombay Presidency. Mr. Danvers deserves special thanks for the map he has supplied to illustrate his Report. Many of the places mentioned by Portuguese historians and in Portuguese documents are extremely difficult to identify, and many of the places, especially on the Persian Gulf and in Ceylon, are here marked for the first time. Mr. Danvers has also supplied an admirable index which greatly enhances the value of his Report. It is a subject for general congratulation that the India Office has perceived the interest and importance of the history of the predecessors and rivals of the English in the East. We are glad to learn that Mr. Danvers has been deputed to examine the Records of the Dutch in India, which are preserved at Amsterdam and the Hague, and we doubt not that he will produce a Report on the Dutch Records which will be a

continent of Europe at any rate, and probably in the United States, such movements will be characterised by more and more of the features of ordinary revolution. We separate our own country from this category, for while, as was seen in the Coal strike, movements of the kind even with us cannot entirely guard themselves from reckless outbreaks, such violence is here accidental and spontaneous rather than deliberate and systematic. It is openly discountenanced and denounced by the strike leaders; and, moreover, amongst the British working men themselves there is as yet a vigorous moral and religious sentiment, which must act even more strongly than their native common-sense in saving them from a policy of mad excesses. A people who begin their strike meetings by prayer are not much in danger of embracing the creed of dynamite. On the Continent it is otherwise, and it is otherwise with that immense foreign element amongst the working-classes of the United States, who have brought with them some of the worst fruits of the ignorance and degradation in which they have lived in the purlieus of Europe. To begin with, the moral sentiment of the people in a considerable part of the Continent, especially in France and in the north German cities, has during the past twenty or thirty years been largely "evaporated"—to quote the expression of an eminent French economist. Moral restraints will have less and less force in the future with bodies of men embarked in desperate action. Then on the Continent, the strike leaders, instead of acting as a moderating influence, do not hesitate openly to excite the people to violence. Finally, on the Continent the principles of Socialism have taken a very intense hold upon a large proportion of the working classes, and when it comes to efforts to give these principles effect, Socialism, as it is understood on the Continent, seems inseparable from revolutionary methods. The Social Democrats of Germany and Austria may repudiate the bomb manufacturers of Vienna and Berlin, but these latter are recruited from the Left wing of the ranks of the former, and they keep accompanying the movement whether the Right wing or the Centre likes it or not. The spread of international Socialism is followed by the spread of international Anarchism, and whenever the former gives a word of command the latter insists on responding with its music. The strikes at Carmaux, where the Socialist miners headed by the Socialist mayor hooted M. Clémenceau for not being advanced enough, were signalised by the Anarchist explosions at the mines themselves and at the offices of the mining company in Paris.

Now that a new and rather strong Socialist party has been formed in the French Chamber, its members seem determined to obliterate this division between Socialism and violent action which their more steady-going German colleagues have endeavoured to keep up. They have deliberately put themselves in evidence during the past week as attempting to provoke the working-classes to a general strike. Of course the object of these politicians is purely and simply to make a party demonstration before the Chamber meets, to rally their forces and furnish materials for interpellating the ministers. This only makes their proceeding the more cynical without minimising its mischievousness. Listen to some of their words. M. Chauvin, the hair-dresser deputy, at the meeting of the General Strike Committee, advocated a general strike, "but on condition that it should consist in every workman merely folding his arms. The revolution was the thing, and that could not be carried without bloodshed. The conquest of political power by means of the voting paper was much too slow a method." Deputy

Baudin, a hero of Carmaux, thought a general strike would lead to revolution, and if so "the people might depend on him." M. Hamelin, secretary to the Strike Committee, thought it was "useless to shut one's eyes to the fact that the general strike meant the revolution. It would be necessary to take possession of the butchers' and bakers', and to stop at no extremity." M. Coutant, Deputy for Paris, was in favour of the general strike "with the use of force," and his colleague, M. Dervillers, "agreed with him." M. Groussier, another member for the capital, thought the general strike "an excellent course." These men, be it noted, are all but one Deputies as well as Socialists. Their display, we repeat, is mainly insincere and theatrical, and we are happy to think their efforts are likely to result in a fiasco. The people are not anxious for another strike, and even in the Pas-de-Calais the trouble is subsiding. But it must be remembered that these men are leaders, members of Parliament, holders of a most influential and responsible position, and that the population they address is a more inflammable one than ours. That such men are ready on occasion to use such means to make party capital is perhaps the most serious aspect of this phenomenon.

#### THE BISHOPS AND HOME RULE.

THE Bishops of England are labouring just now under the grievous disadvantage, not to say peril, of having apparently no man among them endowed with the most ordinary political sagacity. A prelate like Bishop Wilberforce would certainly have prevented them from perpetrating the extraordinary blunder of giving a solid vote against the Home Rule Bill. It now stands on record that while one in ten of the lay peerage voted for a policy of justice and conciliation towards Ireland, there was not one found among the spiritual peers who had the courage or wisdom to join the minority. We use the word "courage" advisedly, for while the Bill was in the House of Commons one of the Bishops who swelled the majority spontaneously assured the Prime Minister of his earnest wish that the Bill should pass the House of Lords. How shall we account for what seems an exhibition of pure and simple infatuation? The Episcopal vote was not needed. The Bishops knew that the Bill would be defeated in the Lords by an overwhelming majority. However strongly they might feel on the subject, there was no call upon them to parade in the face of the public their hostility to a majority of the House of Commons. Their demonstration of superfluous force was absolutely gratuitous. It served no end except one which the Bishops can hardly have anticipated—namely, to mark their isolation from the popular forces and sympathies which will eventually overcome, as they always have overcome, the temporary opposition of an irresponsible body of hereditary legislators. If the Bishops felt bound in conscience to intervene at all, their opposition to the popular Chamber might at least have taken the form of an amendment which showed a desire to mediate between the opposing parties. What they did was to place themselves ostentatiously on the side of the party which is justly associated in the public mind with resistance to those great measures of reform that have saved England from the revolutionary upheavals which during the last half-century have shaken every Government in the civilised world except our own. It is not necessary to go farther back than the epoch of the great Reform Bill sixty years ago. It is needless to say that the Bishops were arrayed against that measure,

and so strenuously that they extorted from Lord Grey the warning to "set their house in order." Roman Catholic Emancipation they opposed, of course. And surely it is no light censure to say with truth of the hierarchy of the National Church that they resisted, "of course," the national will in its determination to make Roman Catholics eligible for the House of Commons? One would have thought that the Bishops would, of all men, have helped, if they did not aid, the movement for repealing the penal laws which down to nearly half a century ago disgraced our statute book. Time after time the House of Commons passed a Bill for the repeal of those savage laws; but the House of Lords, true to its traditions, frustrated the humane labours of the representatives of the people, and they were aided by Archbishops and Bishops. Let the reader remember what those laws were. Well down into this century it was a capital offence to steal anything reaching the value of five shillings, and in 1814 a boy of ten was hanged for stealing a pocket-handkerchief. Even as late as 1833 the value of human life, as appraised by English law, was forty shillings. Here is one of the reported cases of the legal murders which were common under the cruel criminal code which the House of Lords deemed necessary for the security of property. A young woman of the age of nineteen, with two small children, was robbed of her husband by the press-gang, with the following result. We quote from the report of the trial:—

"She was very young and remarkably handsome. She went to a linendraper's shop in Ludgate Street, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak. The shopman saw her, and she laid it down. For this she was hanged. Her defence was 'that she had lived in credit and wanted for nothing till the press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but since then she had no bed to lie on, nothing to give her children to eat, and they were almost naked; and perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she scarcely knew what she did.' The parish officers testified to the truth of her story. When brought to receive sentence she behaved in such a frantic manner as proved her mind to be in a desponding and distracted state, and the child was sucking at her breast when she set out for Tyburn to be hanged!"

It seems incredible that the House of Lords should have resisted for a series of years the efforts of the House of Commons to abolish such laws, and nothing but their panoply of irresponsible privilege could have made them so deaf to the pleadings of humanity. But the most amazing fact of all is to find Bishops and Archbishops recording their votes against what everybody now admits to have been the dictates of reason, mercy, and common-sense. It is instructive, in view of some of the recent denunciations of Home Rule, to quote what some of the leading champions of the Constitution then thought of the proposed reform of our criminal code. "There was no knowing," said Lord Chancellor Eldon, "where this was to stop; and the public ought to know, once for all, in what the criminal law consisted, that their Lordships might not, from time to time and from year to year, have their feelings distressed by discussions like the present." That is a charming picture of the epicurean aloofness from struggling humanity in which our hereditary legislators commonly dwell. The sorrows and miseries of ordinary mortals are, according to Lord Eldon, nothing when weighed in the balance against the "distressed feelings" of the peers in having their repose disturbed by discussions as to whether boys of ten are to be hanged for stealing a pocket-handkerchief. The illustrious Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough said:—

"I trust your lordships will pause before you assent to a measure pregnant with danger to the security of pro-

perty. The learned judges are unanimously agreed that the expediency of justice and the public security require there should not be a remission of capital punishment in this part of the criminal law. My lords, if we suffer this Bill to pass, we shall not know where to stand; we shall not know whether we are on our heads or our feet. My lords, I think this, above all others, is a law on which so much of the security of mankind depends in its execution that I should deem myself neglectful of my duty to the public if I failed to let the law take its course."

And thus the House of Lords once more defeated the House of Commons, and it was again decided by the wisdom of our hereditary legislators that human life—even the life of a tender child of ten—was forfeitable for a theft to the amount of five shillings in a shop! And six Bishops and one Archbishop recorded their votes among the majority; and all the judges, and all the bankers, and the representatives of property in general, took the same side. This fact casts an instructive light on the wild denunciations which we now hear against the grant of Home Rule to Ireland. But the reform for which mercy and justice pleaded in vain was at length carried by the sordid pleadings of self-interest. The revolted consciences of British juries refused to return verdicts which outraged natural justice; and the advocates of the rights of property, finding they could get no verdicts at all, were forced to join in the movement for the repeal of our criminal code. The Peers and Bishops and men of property of that day were not more wicked than other men—not more wicked in the ordinary relations of life than the privileged classes who are now chanting their premature pæans over the defeat of the Home Rule Bill by an overwhelming majority of the House of Lords. Their eyes were simply blinded and their consciences blunted by prejudice, self-interest, and the pride of caste. The Bishops of that day, too, were as sincere and honest as their successors who the other day recorded their votes against the majority of the representatives of the people. And so were the Bishops who opposed Free Trade. Can the rulers of the Church be surprised if this singular lack of foresight, this fatuous incapacity to read the signs of the times, should be attributed by a growing number of people—by no means Liberationists or ill-wishers to the Church of England—to the numbing and narrowing influences incident to a privileged position? What else could have induced the Bishops, including even Samuel Wilberforce, to join the opponents of Free Trade? And what could be more damaging to the Church than the apology which the clerical biographer of Bishop Wilberforce offers for the action of the clergy as a body in that controversy? "The Anti-Corn-Law League," says Canon Ashwell, "was entirely a Liberal movement, its strength was in the large towns, and the circumstance that it was supported with great eagerness by the Dissenting ministers as a body was not calculated to recommend it to the clergy at large." A more ruinous admission it would be difficult to make. Here we have an able and learned dignitary of the Church, and by no means an extreme man, calmly justifying his order for opposing a necessary reform—not at all on its merits, but because it "was entirely a Liberal movement," had its strength in the large towns, and was supported by the Dissenting ministers. Why cannot the clergy see that the controversy which they seem anxious to provoke has been fought out on the Continent to the serious detriment of the Church? The clergy of the Church of Rome abroad have done their best to identify Liberalism with anti-Clericalism, and the Liberal party have at last everywhere found themselves forced—often most reluctantly—to take up the challenge and declare war against the Church.

And the Church has been the chief sufferer. The English clergy are acting as if they believed the Liberal party were about to be expelled from power for a long spell of years, if not for ever. Can they not see the inevitable result? We do not believe that the Liberal party has any wish to injure the Church, if the Church will only attend to its spiritual duties and cease to be the most potent electioneering agency of the Tory party. But if the clergy will insist on provoking an internecine struggle between the Church and the Liberal party, the issue of that struggle on the Continent ought to warn them that it is not the Liberal party which has reason to decline the combat. And when the day of reckoning comes, the clergy will find that Mr. Gladstone, whom they now appear to regard as their chief enemy, has, in fact, been standing between them and the deluge. The Home Rule controversy can have but one ending. A movement which, in one form or another, has gone on since the Union, gathering momentum in its course till it has at last carried a majority of the House of Commons with it, is practically within sight of its goal. And when the victory is won, people will wonder at the ignorant prejudices which retarded it so long, as we all now wonder at the dismal prophecies which the Cassandras of other days fulminated against every great measure which experience has proved to have been for the benefit of the country at large.

#### TOWARDS A SETTLEMENT.

**S**LOWLY but surely the great coal strike draws on to an inevitable end—an end delayed far longer than either side expected at the outset, and preceded by suffering so acute as to give the best possible assurance of the conviction of the men that their cause is just. Gradually, the miners are returning, or offering to return, to work at the old rates of wages; and the tendency is increasing now that the danger is thoroughly appreciated by the public and by bringing prices to famine height has made the acceptance of the offer profitable. The weather, too, has at length turned in favour of the men; and winter may be near. But by the time we go to press it will not have been even decided whether to open negotiations. Much is hoped from the impending conference at Chesterfield, and from the offer of Mr. W. L. Jackson, M.P. for Leeds—who commands public confidence there and elsewhere as an efficient administrator and an eminently fair judge—to act in conjunction with the President of the Board of Trade or his deputy in promoting that conciliation which ought to be already secured by law. But meanwhile the want of coal is more acute than ever. Durham, indeed, is supplying some coal to the Midlands, as is North Staffordshire; but the railways are blocked and the prices, already in many cases prohibitive, are rising higher still. The arrears caused by two months' "play" will take some time to make up. The course of the negotiations will probably be irregular and uncertain. Throughout October the pinch of want among the railway men, the cotton spinners, the tinplate workers, and indeed in every branch of trade or manufacture which depends on coal—and which does not?—will be more severe than it has been yet.

The strike, as we have often said, has been badly managed from the first. Now, after two months and more, evidence is gradually being collected by special correspondents as to what the miners really earn. It cannot be said that the thirty shillings average per week of the successful man, or the twenty shillings or less of the rank and file, represent much more than a living wage. It remains to be

shown if this was the time to resist further reduction. Lord Masham, who is an authority on this question, if not on foreign trade, declares that a lower rate of wages would mean more constant employment, and therefore a higher nett gain to the men. On this comforting view we must await the verdict of experts, and the experts on both sides have been lamentably remiss in giving the public their full case. Hardly any attempt was made at the outset to give public opinion a fair view of the miners' side. The strike began at a slack time, in a falling market, and in some cases—as in Wales—under circumstances which clearly put the men in the wrong. It is the fashion among their sympathisers to call it a lock-out. It was nothing of the kind. The men were threatened (with some exceptions) with a reduction of wages: they gave in their notices, or came out without notice and were prosecuted and fined; they called out the exceptions, and (in certain districts) demanded an advance equivalent to the reductions of the past two years. They refused arbitration—which the public took, not on the whole unfairly, as a refusal to discuss the situation at all. For a time it seemed as if South Wales and the Midlands would be overrun by a grimy *jacquerie*. In Republican France strikers are barred off from non-strikers by cordons of soldiers and police. In England sympathisers with the men seem prepared to deny that it is the first duty of a Government to prevent a breach of the peace. Radicals of a former generation were inclined to regard this as its sole function. Some Radicals of to-day are so enamoured of collective paternalism that they have forgotten the elementary truth expressed in the false theory of a Social Contract of which their political forefathers were the champions.

We have been brought within sight of a general paralysis of our industries, and we are threatened with the renewal of the warfare at the earliest possible moment—"when the snow is on the ground" next winter, if not this. The partial resumption of work at the old rates is advocated in some quarters, because it will help to refill the federation war-chest. It is hardly wonderful, under the circumstances, that the cry for State interference should come from various quarters—from parties as diverse in their proclivities as the Associated Chambers of Commerce on the one hand, and the *Daily Chronicle* on the other. The "nationalisation" scheme which we noticed last week affords, at any rate, a suggestion of a nationalisation in which the capitalist figures a good deal less, and the nation—the labourer and the consumer in particular—figure a good deal more. As we have said, we do not believe that any such far-reaching scheme is practicable, or even desirable if it were. It might be well if the Crown—or, rather, the State, in England as in Germany—had mines of its own, to be worked (as Schaffle has suggested) as model mines. The workers in them would inevitably stand apart from the unions, under a discipline more stringent than ordinary workmen, under contracts for longer terms, and expiring at different dates with advantages for different sections; minimising the likelihood of a strike, and rules which would confine it to a small area at the worst. Such an arrangement would at least supply a permanent reserve of coal which need not keep down prices, and would be available in any national emergency. And until we can utilise the tides, or the light of the sun, or the internal heat of the earth, the one great source of mechanical energy must never fail for long. But to buy out the coal owners for bonds twice the value of consols and a guarantee of fifteen per cent. dividend—to organise the industry in such a way that cessation of work would mean something like civil war—involves a

concentration of dangers that we do not care to face. Collective control for the present means arbitration and conciliation and practically nothing more. Had the Government had their way we might have had a legal means of applying it; and it might have been applied a month ago. As it is, we can only hope for good counsel at the meeting at Chesterfield, and for success for the voluntary conciliation of Mr. W. L. Jackson and the representative of the Board of Trade. But while the preliminaries of peace are being arranged, we must all suffer more than ever.

#### BRAZIL AND ARGENTINA.

SO little trustworthy intelligence reaches us either from Brazil or Argentina that it is impossible to follow the course of events or to judge accurately of the strength of the contending parties. Important as are the interests of this country, in both states, our daily contemporaries keep no regular correspondents in either. The telegrams to the New York papers must be regarded with suspicion. The official censorship is so strict that the private messages received by financial and trading houses tell very little, and the Government announcements are worth nothing. But though we are in the dark as to what is really going on, it is easy enough to understand the causes that have led up in both cases to the present state of things. To begin with Brazil, the virtues of the Imperial Family contributed almost as much as their failings to the revolution of four years ago. The late Emperor was a liberal-minded man who honestly desired the welfare of his people. But he did not value his throne highly enough to fight for it. He delegated his authority largely to his daughter and to his ministers. His daughter rendered herself unpopular with powerful parties by her zeal for emancipation and by her attachment to the Church. Her husband was as much disliked as the Bourbons generally are wherever they occupy high station, and her children were too young to have a following. When, therefore, Marshal Fonseca, taking advantage of all this and of his influence with the army, rose against the Emperor no class was prepared to resist, and the Emperor apparently with little reluctance allowed himself to be made prisoner and deported. Marshal Fonseca assumed a dictatorship, and though after a while he granted a Constitution, his was a military rule to the end. His successor has equally governed through the army. The forms of the Government are those of the American Constitution, the spirit is that of the Second French Empire, and it is equally corrupt and equally extravagant. The debt, already too heavy, has been augmented; guarantees to industrial enterprises, already out of all proportion too great, have been immensely multiplied; banks have been established far beyond the needs of the country, and paper money has been issued with reckless prodigality. Just before the Empire was overturned the Brazilian unit of value was worth 27d. of our money; last week it was worth no more than 10½d. What it is worth this week we do not know—probably even less. Corruption, favouritism, and extravagance have ruined the finances, although the country has had the advantage of three successive good harvests. That the people should be weary of incompetence and misgovernment is natural enough; but that the insurrection, even if successful, will establish a better state of things is extremely doubtful. Admiral de Mello was a favourite with the late Emperor, and is believed to be aiming at a Restoration. But the titular Empress is too unpopular to be received back,

her husband is hated and her sons are too young, and therefore, it is feared, would be too much under the influence of their father. It has been suggested that a German Prince, a nephew of the Comtesse d'Eu, should be chosen, but that would be a very doubtful experiment. To try to transfer the affections of the Imperialists to a new branch of the dynasty is not a very hopeful undertaking, and to expect a foreigner to win the loyalty of the Republicans is not very promising. Besides, the whole Continent of America is Republican. Under the most favourable circumstances, therefore, it would have been difficult to maintain the Empire; to try to restore it is little short of desperate. What is really desirable is the substitution of a true Republic for the military travesty of it of the past few years. But whether a true Republic is possible in a country of planter aristocrats, emancipated slaves, and semi-civilised Indians, is very questionable.

In Argentina the outlook is not much more promising. Early in 1890 the maladministration of ex-President Celman became intolerable. A great party was formed under the name of the Union Civica, and at midsummer it rose in arms. After nearly a week of fighting the insurgents laid down their arms, but a few days later the ex-President resigned, and was succeeded by Dr. Pellegrini. It was hoped that he would call to his councils the leaders of the party which had really effected the revolution, but the hope was disappointed. Dr. Pellegrini rested mainly upon General Roca, brother-in-law of the deposed President and favourite of the army. The Union Civica broke up; one section attached itself to General Mitre, who was put forward as a Candidate for the Presidency; the other, or Radical, wing has followed Dr. Alem. The supporters of General Mitre and of General Roca coalesced, and a coalition Candidate, Dr. Saenz Pena, was put forward for the Presidency. To secure his election, the leaders of the Radicals were arrested, and by means of the *coup d'état* Dr. Saenz Pena was installed as President. He is an old man, personally respected but utterly unequal to the task he has undertaken. At first he attempted to govern by aid of the coalition, but the two factions could not agree and the business of the country came to a standstill. The Ministry resigned, and a Moderate Radical Cabinet was called to office. It began very vigorously but was ousted before it could effect anything, and its successors consist of men of no character and little influence. Meanwhile, the Radicals have been growing in strength and confidence. When their friends were called to office they evidently lost their head, and in two or three of the provinces they attempted an armed revolution. This alarmed the president and he got rid of the Del Valle Cabinet. The insurrectionary movement, however, has spread, and as far as can be judged from the scanty and confused news that reaches us, it is still spreading. In three or four provinces the corrupt governors who were following in the footsteps of ex-President Celman have been deposed and Federal "Interventors" have taken their places. In other provinces fighting is going on. Federal troops have been dispatched to the scene of disturbance; in one case the late President Pellegrini commands 1,500 men; but whether the object of the Federal Government is to maintain the existing Provincial Governments or to take their places and allow of free elections being conducted does not very clearly appear. All that is certain is that the Radicals are very powerful and well organised in all the provinces, that they do not trust the President or those to whom he has delegated authority, and that the President himself is little more than a figure-head. The general opinion is that he has fallen completely under the influence of General Roca, and that it is between the latter and the

Radicals that the real fight is being waged. Unfortunately, Congress is utterly discredited. The popular Assembly is hopelessly split up into factions; in the Senate there appears to be a Radical majority; in both Chambers corruption is rife, and in neither can the President carry any measure.

Every friend of free institutions must hope for the success of the Radicals. It is true that armed revolution is not a very promising way of establishing popular government in a country of wide suffrage; it does not argue well either for the temper or the capacity of those who resort to it. But the Radicals plead that corruption and intimidation have been carried to such a pitch of refinement in Argentina that constitutional agitation has been made impossible, and that, therefore, their only alternatives are submission to a shameful and ruinous misgovernment or appeal to arms. At all events there is at least a chance of honest endeavour to do right if the Radicals win. Some of their principles are questionable and some of their practical proposals are bad; but on the whole their avowed aims are honourable and their leaders have not yet been tried. On the other hand, their opponents have had a free hand to do what they pleased with the country, and they have brought it to the verge of destruction. They have loaded it with a crushing debt, they have ruined its credit, they have impoverished the people, they have discredited the Constitution, they have sown disorder and anarchy through the length and breadth of the land. Little that is good, therefore, can be expected from their victory. Yet the city would rejoice if General Roca were to make himself Dictator and to put down all opposition with a strong hand; for the city believes that General Roca would strain every nerve to keep faith as far as might be with the foreign creditors, whereas it fears that the Radicals, if in power, would have little consideration for the bondholders. The city is probably wrong, for a victory by General Roca would but keep disaffection alive, and thereby prevent a real revival; whereas the Radicals, if once clothed with the responsibilities of office, would very soon find that they must pay regard to the credit of the country. Whatever they may say now, they could not when in power refuse to recognise the just debts of the State. If they did they would hinder the introduction of foreign capital, put an embargo upon new enterprise, and so check the return of prosperity.

#### FINANCE.

THE disturbances in Brazil and Argentina, discussed elsewhere, are weighing upon the Stock Exchange, and increasing the stagnation that has prevailed so long. Yet there has not been very much fall in the securities of either country. Apparently the holders are acting upon the maxim that the darkest hour just precedes the dawn. The outlook in the United States, too, is not encouraging. When the House of Representatives passed the Bill repealing the Sherman Act by a majority of more than two to one, it was everywhere hoped that the Senate would quickly follow the example. But nearly five weeks have lapsed, and there is as little prospect as ever of the repeal being carried. The Senate is trying to force President Cleveland into a compromise; but the President is as determined as the Senate, and it is impossible to see how the struggle will end. The fear now is that gold exports from New York will begin again upon a large scale. If they do, it is quite possible that alarm may spring up again in the United States, and that there may be even a worse crisis than we have yet seen. At all events, the position is serious

enough to warn all operators on the Stock Exchange not to enter into new risks. And, unfortunately, the prospect elsewhere is not very much brighter. Italy is in the midst of a crisis which at any moment may have grave financial and political consequences. Spain is saved from insolvency only by constant loans from great French bankers. And all over the Continent there is much political apprehension. Australasia is suffering from the consequences of the banking crash, and the Far East is under the influence of the silver crisis. At home, unfortunately, the coal strike is not yet ended. All this has compelled the reckless gamblers who so causelessly put up prices a few weeks ago to sell out again, and business is as bad upon the Stock Exchange as it has been at almost any time during the past three years. At the fortnightly Settlement this week, for example, the joint-stock banks were able to get no more than  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for loans to Stock Exchange borrowers—that is, fully 1 per cent. under Bank rate; and even on such terms there was little demand for money. Even investment is upon a small scale. The circumstances do not seem very favourable for borrowing by the Colonial Governments, and yet nearly every one of the Australian Governments is preparing to borrow. On Monday a Victorian Loan for £2,107,000 was brought out by the London and Westminster Bank. The interest was 4 per cent., and the issue price 96. The general opinion was that the price was altogether too high, although the loan adds nothing to the debt of the Colony, since the proceeds will be applied to pay off a 5 per cent. loan falling due on New Year's Day. Yet the loan was fully subscribed in a few hours. There is very much dissatisfaction expressed by the holders of the old loan and by investors generally. The prospectus promised that the old debenture holders would have the preference; but as the subscription list was closed on Monday afternoon, no opportunity was afforded to holders resident outside London to make known their wishes. There appears to be good ground for the dissatisfaction, and we fear that the proceeding will not improve the credit of Victoria, nor is it likely to smooth the way for the other Australian Governments which are preparing to borrow.

The demand for silver continues good, and the price recovered early in the week to  $34\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce. On the other hand, the India Council has again failed to sell any of its bills or telegraphic transfers. It offered for tender on Wednesday forty lakhs of rupees, as it has been doing for some months past, but there were no applications. Practically the Council has sold nothing since the closing of the mints. The rates of interest and discount in the open market have continued to fall this week. The former is as low as  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and business in some cases has been done even lower; while the rate of interest for very short loans is no better than 1 per cent. It was generally thought, therefore, that the directors of the Bank of England on Thursday would put down their rate of discount to 3 per cent., but very properly they have decided not to do so. No doubt their main motive was the uncertainty in the United States. Of course, the joint-stock banks and the discount houses cry out, saying that the Bank of England ought to go with the general market. But that is all nonsense; the first duty of the Bank is to protect the ultimate banking reserve of the whole country.

#### THE PORTUGUESE IN INDIA.

ONE of the most interesting episodes in the entire history of India is the history of the dominion of the Portuguese. For a whole century, from the arrival of Vasco da Gama on the Malabar coast in 1498 until the first visit of the Dutch in 1596, the communications between India and Europe

rested entirely in the hands of the Portuguese. Their great captains speedily ruined the commerce which had hitherto found its way by the Red Sea, and Portugal absorbed the vast wealth which resulted from the control of the lucrative commerce of the East. Sir George Birdwood, in his imaginative and instructive preface to the first Letter-Book of the London East India Company, has pointed out that the supremacy of European nations has varied with their command of the trade of India with Europe. The lessons of history justify his thesis. The opening of the direct route to Asia round the Cape of Good Hope nearly ruined Cairo and Venice, and made Lisbon the wealthiest city in the world. When the Portuguese were ousted from their monopoly by the Dutch and the English, Amsterdam and London flourished while Lisbon decayed, and now that the Suez Canal has caused trade to return to its ancient channel, the cities of Egypt and on the Mediterranean are prospering by the passage of Asiatic trade to the impoverishment of London and Liverpool. The discovery of the direct sea route to India by Vasco da Gama marks one of the great dates in the world's history, and must always have an especial interest for Englishmen in that it was owing to this discovery that England obtained her command of Asiatic trade, and subsequently her Empire in India. It is extraordinary that Englishmen have hitherto paid so little attention to the work of their predecessors and rivals in the East, the Portuguese and the Dutch. Apart from the historical interest, there are valuable lessons to be learned from the study of the successes and the failures of other European nations in India, which have been too generally neglected by English writers on the growth of our Indian Empire.

The authorities at the India Office seem at last to have grasped the fact that the history of the Portuguese in India deserves to be better known in England. Mr. F. C. Danvers, Registrar and Superintendent of Records at the India Office, was deputed in 1891 to visit Portugal for the purpose of inspecting and reporting on the documents concerning the Portuguese in India which are preserved at Lisbon and Evora. He has now published his Report, which makes most interesting and instructive reading. The history of the Portuguese in India is divided into three distinct periods. The first is the great heroic period, which lasted from the time of the first Viceroy, Almeida, and his great successor, Albuquerque, to the Viceroyalty of Dom João de Castro, the friend of St. Francis Xavier, and covered the first half of the sixteenth century. During this period the Empire of the Portuguese in the East was built up. The persistent opposition of the Muhammadans forced the early Portuguese traders to enter on a career of conquest. They seized and fortified important points as centres for their trade, and established their direct dominion within them. The most important of these settlements were Goa and Diu in India; Ormuz, which commanded the trade of Persia in the Persian Gulf; and Malacca, which became the headquarters of the trade of the Spice Islands and the Further East. These were the great days of Portuguese expansion, during which the Portuguese heroes performed prodigies of valour and showed a daring and a constancy which have never been equalled. Isolated from Europe by the long passage round the Cape, obliged to sail in small and cranky ships, and with but a small and decreasing population at home to draw upon for recruits, it is marvellous that the Portuguese Empire in the East spread as rapidly and lasted as long as it did. This heroic period did not lack great historians. João de Barros, Diogo do Couto, Gaspar Correa, and Fernão Lopes de Castanheda were all contemporary writers, and described with picturesque vigour the great deeds of their countrymen in Asia. On few periods in the world's history have we so much detailed information as upon the rise of the Portuguese in the East. The little country felt that its place in the eyes of Europe rested chiefly upon its

achievements in Asia, and the result was that competent historians arose to tell the tale.

The second period in the history of the Portuguese in India covers the second half of the sixteenth century. It was a period of seeming prosperity but actual decay. Occasionally, as in the defence of Goa in 1570, something of the old heroic spirit blazed forth; but Portugal was degenerating and becoming exhausted, and her great captains and her valiant soldiers were becoming fewer and fewer. So great was the real decay that the Dutch and the English, when their sailors dared the passage round the Cape, had no difficulty in overthrowing the Portuguese supremacy. During the first quarter of the seventeenth century the Portuguese monopoly of trade vanished beneath the vigorous onset of their Protestant rivals, and with their monopoly of trade their Empire disappeared. It is perhaps not unnatural that no Portuguese historian has arisen to tell the story of this gradual decay, and in consequence we have comparatively little information with regard to it. Still less is our information with regard to the third and final period of the Portuguese in India. Trade vanished from Golden Goa, and the successors of Albuquerque found it tasked their strength to repulse from their capital the attacks of a minor Maráthá chieftain, the Sar Desai of Sáwantwári. Eventually, during the great war between England and France, the East India Company garrisoned Goa, and the Portuguese settlements in India to-day contain a smaller population than an average District in British India. Of this long period which witnessed the extinction of the Portuguese as an Indian power there is no history and very little information. Occasional allusions to the decadence occur in French and English writers, but Portuguese literature is patriotically silent upon the subject.

This slight sketch of the condition of our knowledge about the Portuguese in India is necessary for the understanding of the value of the Report of Mr. Danvers. He deliberately passes over the period which is so thoroughly treated by the great Portuguese historians—that is, the heroic period of the establishment and expansion of their Empire. But he supplies a mass of valuable information upon the Portuguese in India during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He does not pretend to write a history; he merely gives classified extracts and summaries of the documents he examined at Lisbon and Evora. The history of the Decline and Fall of the Portuguese in the East has yet to be written; and when it is written the author will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Danvers for his patient inquiries and careful investigations. Nearly the whole of the information he gives is entirely new to English readers, and, for the patriotic reason we have hinted at, it would likewise be new to the Portuguese themselves. Mr. J. M. Campbell, the learned compiler of the *Bombay Gazetteer*, would have given much to have incorporated some of Mr. Danvers' notes in his historical sketches of the Bombay Districts, and to no one will the publication of this Report be more welcome than to him, for it exactly fills certain of the gaps left in his otherwise exhaustive accounts of the local history of the Bombay Presidency. Mr. Danvers deserves special thanks for the map he has supplied to illustrate his Report. Many of the places mentioned by Portuguese historians and in Portuguese documents are extremely difficult to identify, and many of the places, especially on the Persian Gulf and in Ceylon, are here marked for the first time. Mr. Danvers has also supplied an admirable index which greatly enhances the value of his Report. It is a subject for general congratulation that the India Office has perceived the interest and importance of the history of the predecessors and rivals of the English in the East. We are glad to learn that Mr. Danvers has been deputed to examine the Records of the Dutch in India, which are preserved at Amsterdam and the Hague, and we doubt not that he will produce a Report on the Dutch Records which will be a

worthy supplement to his Report on the Portuguese Records.

#### M. ZOLA'S ADDRESS.

M. ZOLA was happily inspired in his choice of a topic for the paper he read before the Journalists' Institute, and it must be scored to him as another of his achievements that on such a topic—which, in truth, has been discussed again and again—he found something new and freshly suggestive to say. Examined closely, however, we must frankly confess that his paper impresses us most by its inaccuracies. Of course, it is remarkable that on such a subject—especially on the English part of it—he should have got at even so much accuracy as he has. But the study is scant and inexact, and it is really impressive to see the easy and striking generalisations which the skilled writer is able to evolve from such materials. One only hopes that M. Zola's philosophy of life, which he lays down with so much melancholy dogmatism, is arrived at by more searching methods of investigation. Some of his deductions are sound. Anonymity, the feature to which he especially addressed himself, he finds to be one of the sources of strength to the Press in England. He describes the British newspaper: an organism with a continuous existence and character of its own, a "joint production," a "compact mass of ideas, of all sorts of information," "a veritable daily encyclopedia," touching the life of the nation at every point, and enabled to conduct great enterprises in the way of news and to procure the highest class of literary co-operation by means of the revenue of a vast system of advertisements. This is a very good description, and M. Zola declares that the power of such a Press as this, and its unquestioned authority, are largely due to anonymity. Looking at it calmly, so far as political journalism goes, he pronounces anonymity a good thing. His companion-picture of the results of the contrary practice in France emphasises this opinion. There the Press is "as often as not a mere brawl in which the great interests of the community are lost sight of amid abominable personal squabbles," and "you would not have to press me hard," says M. Zola, "to force me to the conclusion that anonymity alone would restore honesty and disinterestedness to our political newspapers." It would be impossible to be more emphatic. He perceives, too, that anonymity tends to give freedom to the individual writer and a sense of responsibility to the newspaper itself. Yet it is not clear whether he does not think most of the system of signed articles after all. He speaks of men reduced to "mere writing machines," "docile instruments," "screened from every menace"—"no duels, no actions at law." This language is not only somewhat inconsistent with what has gone before, but it betrays a strange misconception of the conditions under which the best class of British journalists pursue their calling. There is no British political writer worthy to hold a position on the staff of a first-rate paper who does not value his independence of judgment probably far more than the average politician, and whose views are not allowed as free an influence in shaping the policy of his paper as, say, the views of a cabinet minister in shaping the policy of his government. This is a point, this sense of responsibility of the individual journalist within the editorial cabinet, which M. Zola has entirely missed. To speak of journalists of this class as "writing machines," "docile instruments," writing what they are told to write, and doing so from a sort of ambush, is, with all respect to our kindly critic, simply flat ignorance. Quite recently cases have occurred in which the whole editorial staff of a newspaper resigned their positions when the proprietor wished to change its politics. That happened twice in the history of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the dissentient staffs on each occasion, the first under Mr. Greenwood, a Tory, and the second only a few months ago

under Mr. Cook, a Liberal, founded new journals for the advocacy of their own opinions. In Dublin, too, when the proprietors of the *Freeman's Journal* wished to transform that paper into an anti-Parnellite organ, the Parnellite staff seceded and founded the *Independent*.

M. Zola's views of the gentlemen who write anonymously in the English Press are hardly nearer the mark than those of M. Paul de Cassagnac, who says this week: "Nothing is more abominable than the writer lying in ambush like a scoundrel, behind the wall of anonymity, and able to pot at you from behind his shelter." No writer is able to carry on this sort of assassination in a reputable English newspaper. Were he ever so willing, his editor would not allow him. The all-important function of the editor, as developed under the English system, is one of the chief points overlooked by M. Zola. The editor embodies in himself all responsibility for the contents of the paper, and as a consequence his function is more vital and his authority greater than it is in France, where his responsibility is diffused amongst writers who sign their articles, and his authority over them proportionately impaired. The editor is the Prime Minister of the English newspaper, and he is the great guarantee against the possible abuses of the anonymous system. No good editor will repress the individuality of his staff, but rather encourage it; but he will repress their possible extravagances and eccentricities and personal animosities—an experience which is good for both writer and paper. With a weak or inefficient editor, with a strong, balanced and sagacious judgment lacking from the direction of affairs, it may be granted that an anonymous newspaper would become a very dangerous sort of nuisance. But the tendency of the English system has been for this very reason to place most stress on the position of the editor. The editorial faculty has been specialised from the purely literary faculty and set at a higher price, so that often in the editorial department of an English newspaper the most important personage is a man who does not write a line. It is this method of control which has perhaps most largely helped to give to the great English newspapers those qualities of consistency, steadiness, and urbanity which so impress foreign observers.

There is one concession we are ready to make to M. Zola in favour of the signature of articles. We do think that articles into which the personality of the author largely enters—descriptive and imaginative articles, for example—are generally—not always, but generally—best signed. We practise what we preach: THE SPEAKER has been one of the first English papers to adopt this custom. But we do not at all agree with M. Zola's sweeping dictum that all literary criticism should be signed. His view is based upon an odd misconception of the nature of literary criticism in this country, and indeed we cannot help thinking upon a not very definite view of criticism in France either. He speaks of English criticism as a "trite item of information which deals with the appearance of a book in much the same way as a street accident." M. Zola does not read English reviews, and of course derived this notion second-hand, which accounts for it. It is possible, if he were better informed, that he might alter his view as to the anonymity of literary criticism. At any rate, we hold that here anonymity is even of more value than it is in regard to political writings. The same guarantee in the shape of an editor exists against abuse—against the insertion of anything unjust or incompetent or malicious; and this being secured on the one hand, the anonymity is a guarantee of independence on the part of the critic on the other. The critic who signs, and who writes perhaps about the books of his friends and acquaintances, is hampered in a hundred ways. We have seen it tried in this country, and it has generally resulted in mere log-rolling, or mawkish, half-hearted expression of genuine opinion.

Writers, like M. Jules Lemaitre, cited by M. Zola, who have a forceful and charming personality, are not critics so much as impressionists, and it is for revelations of their personality rather than the exposition of critical canons that their writings are sought by their admirers. We have just been reading an article by M. Anatole France on Verlaine, in which he directly apostrophises his unhappy friend, "ami, malheureux ami;" the thing is tremulous with tenderness and beauty and individual feeling. It would be absurd to publish that article without its signature. But that article is as different from the criticism of Sainte-Beuve, or even of M. Brunetière, as it is from that in the review pages of a London weekly. The natural instincts of the two nations do not differ so much on this matter of anonymity as M. Zola supposes. The practice of signing all articles is not an indigenous development of the French genius, but is an exotic forced into the soil by Napoleon III. We might easily have the same sort of thing here—exciting to madness that bacillus of vanity which slumbers somewhere in the breasts of all of us. Many a modest young man now fulfilling with honour and usefulness a noble function in the commonwealth would be transformed into a pistols-and-coffee maniac if this fell disease were once lit with him, and we should see him at times of crisis ready to snatch the fame of a Herostratus rather than have no fame at all. We do not want this in England, and French public life would be the happier without it.

#### AN ELDER BROTHER.\*

THE second volume of Mr. Wheatley's edition of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys," now being published by Messrs. Bell & Sons, has a unique interest of its own. It touches but slightly upon great affairs of State. Pepys is now (1661) a man of some consequence, who plays his part in the cabinet of the Duke of York, and even in the presence-chamber of the King, as bravely as his betters do. But in the two years with which this volume deals, public events of importance were rare, and consequently it is with Samuel Pepys himself, rather than with the great personages of his time, that we are chiefly concerned. But if this volume has comparatively little interest for the student of history, it has an unsurpassed interest for the student of human nature. Much of it is quite new, and for the first time we get a full-length portrait of the inimitable journalist. It is the elder brother of us all with whom we make acquaintance in these pages—the average man, with whom everybody comes into contact at one point or another. Pepys is here seen as the dutiful son, the husband of dubious excellence, the modest householder, the friend and neighbour, and the simple citizen. In not one of these capacities does he fail to strike some chord which vibrates in the reader's heart. Take him as a householder, and we see him, morning by morning, busy among the workmen who are setting his abode in order, lamenting their idleness, groaning over the discomfort he has to suffer whilst they have possession of his house, and finally rejoicing when, the work being done and the workmen gone, he can sit at ease in a cleansed and beautified habitation. The British workman is always with us, and it is manifest from the pages of Mr. Pepys that the feelings with which he is regarded by the British householder whose sanctuary he invades have undergone no change within two hundred years. Take him as a husband, and he seems to be the mirror of husbands for all time. For he is a man of varied parts, good Mr. Pepys; and now he dotes upon his wife, and anon disparages her. We see him in all his moods in this volume. Mrs. Pepys, no longer a bride, has

become the "poor wretch," the justice of whose complaints his own unflinching sense of justice compels him to admit, but for whose wrongs he sees no remedy compatible with due regard for his own ease and selfish pleasure. She is very lonely, poor soul! and would fain have a companion to lighten her hours of solitude when her spouse is engaged at the office or the tavern. Pepys objects strongly, and even angrily, on the score of expense; but when young Mistress Gosnell, the lady fixed upon for the post, makes her appearance, and he discovers her to be pleasing of aspect, and, to himself, friendly in demeanour, he takes to her so kindly that by-and-by "my wife seemed to take notice of my being at home now more than at other times." That, however, was but a brief dream of bliss, for Mistress Gosnell, on some sudden pretext, abandons her honourable office of lady-companion to Mrs. Pepys; and the devoted husband is left once more to pity the "poor wretch" who has married him for her loneliness and solitude. "My Lady," the wife of his patron, Lord Sandwich, on one occasion takes the poor woman's part, and so strongly urges upon Pepys the duty of buying some lace for his wife that he takes it for a command, and, to his own unfeigned distress, expends no less than six pounds on a new bib and tucker for the good woman. Such liberality as this justified him, surely, when they next had to take a coach from the playhouse, it being wet, in informing Mrs. Pepys that this was an expense he could ill afford, in consequence of the heavy expenditure he had just incurred on her behalf.

The modern husband, we need not say, is far above making his official duties a pretext for absenting himself for a season from his wife's presence. Not so Mr. Pepys. He has to go to Portsmouth with my lords of the Admiralty to pay off certain ships; and from the first he evinces a strong disinclination to the company of his wife on the expedition. One does not know why it should be so, for as a rule he is vain of his wife's beauty, and rather proud than otherwise of exhibiting her to strangers; yet on this occasion he is minded that she shall go to his kinsfolk at Brampton, whilst he journeys to Portsmouth. Mrs. Pepys is minded otherwise, and there is really a serious struggle between them before the husband gets his way; and then the truth comes out. The sly dog knew all along that at Portsmouth he would find an old friend—Mrs. Pierce, to wit—more highly approved of by himself than by his wife. Whilst "the poor wretch" has gone rather sullenly to her exile at Brampton in order that her husband may be free to discharge his solemn official duties unvexed by matrimonial cares, this is what is really happening, as set forth in his own veracious pages.

"I walked forth, and I spied Mrs. Pierce and another lady passing by. So I went to the ladies, and walked with them up and down, and took them to Mrs. Stevens, and there gave them wine and sweetmeats, and were very merry; and then comes the Doctor, and we carried them by coach to their lodging, which was very poor, but the best they could get, and such as made much mirth among us. So I appointed one to watch when the gates of the town were ready to be shut, and to give us notice; and so the Doctor and I staid with them playing and laughing, and at last were forced to bid good-night, for fear of being locked into the town all night. So we walked to the yard, designing how to prevent our going to London to-morrow, that we might be merry with these ladies, which I did. So to supper, and merrily to bed."

Oh, naughty Elder Brother! Yet happily the wife of to-day need have no fear that she is being subjected to the fate which befell Mrs. Pepys on this sad occasion. It was about this time that the diarist made the melancholy discovery that he was not waxing in wealth as he ought to have been. For three whole months that capital account of his, which he made up with such extreme care from time to time, had shown no increase. There must be a cause for this, and he set himself to discover it. I

\*The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S. Edited, with additions, by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. II. London: George Bell & Sons.

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was not in the way of suppers to Mrs. Pierce and her like that he economised, however. The one treat which he had been in the habit of affording to Mrs. Pepys was a visit to the theatre. This cost money, and was clearly wrong. So he registered a vow that until Christmas came he would pass no playhouse door; and, so far as Mrs. Pepys was concerned, he kept that vow, though not without a lapse on more than one occasion on his own part.

It is, perhaps, as a son that this elder brother of ours shows to most advantage in his diary. He has a real regard for his father, the tailor, and carries it so far that, in the character of the man who has got on in the world, he takes his mother to task for not showing sufficient respect to Pepys père. The uncle from whom they had expectations dies, and our hero can hardly contain himself for excitement till the will is read. The good old man, the venerable, the esteemed, the lovable, has done his duty, and has left everything to the diarist's branch of the family, even passing over that odious second wife of his whose illegitimate influence over her spouse they had feared so much. For a few days all is *couleur de rose*, and Samuel instructs his family, father and mother included, in the deportment which now befits them as persons of substance with a landed estate in the country. And then comes the sad discovery that the adored uncle was not so perfect as he might have been. He had been wicked enough to incur debts, his estate was incumbered; nay, there was even a doubt as to whether he had the power to will it away from the heir-at-law to that younger branch of the family which included the illustrious Samuel among its members. It is a sad awakening for our elder brother, as it would have been for all of us. He chronicles every wave of emotion that passes through his breast at this time, all his hopes and all his fears, with photographic minuteness and fidelity, till the reader himself feels as though he were in danger of being defrauded of his rightful expectations from a well-to-do but improvident uncle. It is all set down here, together with a great deal more of the same kind, which space permits us not to mention. Doubtless the ingenious and inimitable blushed at times over that diary of his; as, for example, when he recorded the pretty compliments paid him by my Lords, and his gracious reception by the Duke of York. It is certain, however, that he blushed not at all when he confided to his book the little deceptions he had practised upon Mrs. Pepys, or the petty stratagems to which he resorted to defeat the wicked claim of the heir-at-law to his uncle's estate, or even the exceedingly unpleasant plight in which he found himself one morning after having gone to bed the worse—very much the worse—for liquor. Our elder brother tells us everything, as a brother ought to do; and that is why we love him, and, let us hope, take warning from him.

#### A MARKED MAN.

WHENEVER the Post Office Blue Book appears I search it in vain for some allusion to the following correspondence. Extract from letter to the Secretary of the Post Office: "I am astonished to find that a communication addressed by me to the Chancellor of the Exchequer a month ago, and containing twenty pounds in conscience money for unpaid income-tax, has never reached him. It is lamentable that an act of self-devotion to the highest duties of citizenship should be irretrievably marred by the bungling of your department. I may never have that fit of conscience again." Extract from Secretary's reply: "I am in receipt of your letter, and have directed all inquiries to be made." Some weeks elapse, and then the Post Office confesses that it has totally failed to trace the missing document; whereupon I pen this scathing rebuke: "I have read your letter with pain

and indignation. This is the encouragement you offer to struggling virtue. That delicate plant, watered by the tears with which I drew twenty pounds from my hard-earned savings, is withered and blackened by the arid breath of official incapacity. When you publish the annual record of your achievements, in which the Post Office is blazoned as a miracle of benevolence, guided by the penetrating intellect of a Sherlock Holmes, perhaps you will include the episode which has now come to an ignominious close." But, as I have said, I search the Blue Book in vain.

Now this inspires me with the dark suspicion that I am a marked man. There may be deeds done in the Post Office which would have brought a blush to the cheeks of the Council of Ten. A friend of mine who holds a mysterious appointment at St. Martin's-le-Grand, preserves a suspicious secrecy as to his proceedings between the hours of eleven and four. He will talk genially about the drama, French literature and what not, but let the most distant allusion be made to the Post Office, and in an instant he is on his guard. A veil seems to fall over his candid eye; his face assumes a sinister impassiveness, and he walks furtively like a miniature Fouché. What is the inscrutable terrorism which can turn the currents of this cheerful human soul awry? Are there strong boxes in the vaults of the Post Office, to which he pays secret visits, wringing his hands, like Sir Edward Mortimer in the *Iron Chest*, over the evil stains of blood-red tape? When I unfolded my wrongs to him, when I related how I had been robbed of the satisfaction of reading in the *Times* that the Chancellor of the Exchequer returns his thanks to "A. X. P." for the payment of arrears of income tax inadvertently overlooked, my Post Office friend smiled in a peculiarly ugly way. "Am I a marked man or not?" I asked. "My good fellow," he said, "I don't carry a list of the condemned about me, and you needn't be afraid of finding yourself in a tumbrel instead of your accustomed omnibus. How did you like Arthur Roberts in —" "I will not submit to these incessant evasions," I retorted angrily. "Do they or do they not remember that post-card?" This recalled the one decisive triumph of my life over official ineptitude. Years ago I wrote a post-card to a man in the N.W. district of the metropolis, and inscribed those letters with fantastic embellishments. The authorities said this was an illegal communication on the address side of the card, and charged the receiver a penny. Then I sent to the Postmaster-General an epistle which, I have no doubt, survives in the archives of tyranny. I drew from ancient history, particularly of Babylon, examples of folly in high places, and showed how they paled before this colossal blunder. I told the Postmaster-General he was another Belshazzar, and that N.W. was the writing on the wall. Next day a special messenger was despatched to the N.W. district to refund the penny. The Post Office was beaten, but was it likely to forget or forgive its humiliation? "Do they, or do they not, remember that post-card?" I repeated. My official friend laughed unpleasantly, and turned on his heel. I leave it to any dispassionate person to say whether in similar circumstances he would not consider himself a marked man.

But I come now to the most damning evidence against an unscrupulous oligarchy which presents itself to the public in the guise of an earthly Providence. In my odd moments I dabble in literature; it is a pleasing distraction from the serious business of life, which, in my case, is that of writing letters to the newspapers on great public questions. I have a bulky volume in which these compositions are pasted, and which I have bequeathed by will to the British Museum, where, ages after I have returned to dust, generations yet unborn will read A. X. P. on vaccination, bi-metallism, and the social desert which divides "Mr." from "Esquire" on an addressed envelope. Perhaps the ideas that are scattered through

those letters in prodigal profusion may strike posterity as familiar because they have been filtered into the common stock of information through the medium of leading articles. I have educated many editors, and received no more substantial acknowledgment than the guarded tribute to "a correspondent who remarks in our columns this morning" something which furnishes the whole conception of the much-admired leader. Of this I do not complain. To be no more than "A Correspondent," or, at the utmost stretch of publicity, to be the mystic A. X. P., consorts with the natural modesty of my character. Besides, to pursue every petty scribbler who borrows your ideas for a livelihood would be, as Junius (an over-rated letter-writer) once observed, "beneath the dignity of revenge." But to know that you are marked by the vindictive hatred of a State department, that you are dogged through life by an official system that recognises in you its most formidable foe, is an experience which runs like poison through your blood. It occurred to me one day to relate this destiny in the form of a romance, and with feverish energy I set to work upon a thrilling plot. An intrepid reformer had excited the greatest uneasiness at St. Martin's-le-Grand by his vigorous attacks on the administration; secret conclaves of officials was held at midnight to concert decisive action, and about three o'clock in the morning a diabolical plan was put into execution. As nearly as I can remember, the scene was thus described: "A pale moon shed an uncanny light on a newly-painted pillar-box, at the corner of a lonely street, when a cadaverous figure in a shabby and tightly-buttoned frock-coat approached with a stealthy tread. In his hand was a letter in an oblong blue envelope, innocent enough to look at, but charged with more explosive matter than the deadliest dynamite. He hesitated a moment at the aperture of the box, surveying his letter with a cold smile. 'The Anarchist now would despise this,' he murmured to himself. 'Fool! Beneath the rule of men entirely great the pen is mightier than the bomb.' Then his practised ear caught a footfall, and he hastily dropped the letter into the box, glancing suspiciously over his shoulder. 'Ah, the postman! But strange! Why this gigantic form? Why this enormous bag?' 'To carry traitors to their doom!' hissed a voice in his ear; and in an instant he was seized from behind by powerful hands, thrust into the sack, and carried off to the dungeons of St. Martin's-le-Grand." Here he is put to the torture, blistered on the head with molten wax, which, by a fiendish device, is then stamped with the official seal. I cannot recall all the details, for the story, which was sent to Mr. Stead, entered the jaws of the Post Office, and was seen no more.

Extract from letter to the Secretary:—"I understand that, as usual, all your efforts have failed to trace my missing manuscript. The reason is plain: *you dare not let it be printed!* But one day the Post Office will come down like the Bastille, and your head will be carried on a pike by A. X. P.!"

#### ENCHANTED FICTION.

**W**ALKING the other day down Fleet Street in the worst possible humour with myself and things in general—the shades of the prison-house apparent on my brow, and a preposterously premature gout combusting in my right foot—I suddenly caught sight of something that brought my heart to my mouth. One instant! and gout, the prison-house, debt, and disappointment—everything modern and everything sordid, in a word—were blotted out. Fleet Street passed from my eyes, like Cheapside from Poor Susan's in a too-hackneyed poem—Fleet Street and all things consonant with life and reality. I was in Fairyland again. Do you remember Childe

Roland? "What in the midst stood but the tower itself!" Just such a supreme moment was mine. For there on a certain lintel I espied the legend, *Boys of England Office!*

"Ah me! the unvoiced music of my heart!"

Only Charles Lamb, or Thackeray in the right mood, or, at a stretch, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, could depict the emotions of that hour; and the flood of memories and of thoughts that followed, what literary power could reproduce? As well seek to make captive of Ariel as of these unsubstantial fairy things that flutter by for a moment out of one's past and then are seen (or heard?) no more; the snowflake on the river is not more transient. Mr. Lewis Campbell comes nearest to a true statement of the case. And he, you see, gives up the exact reproduction as hopeless. I stood, then, "at noon in Fleet Street," and, like Mr. Campbell—

"Old memories from my heart-springs welled  
Too faint for language to rehearse."

For I, too, had been wafted back, not years but centuries, to those dark ages which we all have known and yet cannot recall, but may not even quite forget, the primrose-time of one's childhood. It was no "child's hand in the hand of Eld" that reduced my childhood for me, but the sight of *his* office, the guide, philosopher and friend of my earliest days. For years I had forgotten *him*. Or if I remembered *him* at all, it was with a heedless smile—with merry indifference. I had walked *his* London, and not thought once of seeking *him*. This in a city that had once existed for me only as the place of his residence. Life, with its petty aims and ends, had shut him out from me. Yet *he* had been here all the while, just as of old, busy dissolving juvenile care with his sole enchantments, busy spreading the spirit of delight by land and sea among multitudes of the unbreeched.

Yes, I had forgotten *him*. And yet all the time his influence was upon me, his compelling hand was in the heart of me ordering my ways. Whose? Why, whose but his, Edwin J. Brett's, Proprietor and Editor of *The Boys of England*. He was the first of my friends, nay, of my gods; in the mythology of my youth his place was foremost. Greater was he and more mysterious even than that other benevolent higher power of childhood, the fairy who filled my stocking on Christmas Eve, and whom a sceptical brother, lying awake and shamming sleep, discovered to be a fairy with a bald head—to be, in fact, *Gubernator Noster*. And what wonder *he* was so much to me! He was the Editor, not merely of the *Boys of England*, but of the *Young Men of Great Britain*; the one printed on a paper of snowy white, the other on a papyrus rather of a yellowish hue, but both so illustrated! A penny was the ransom of each, and my weekly income at the age of seven was devoted to their purchase; a patron of letters, my soul rose far above all thought of toffee when these were in the question. They were tremendous papers. To say that no other literature that one has come on since is within measurable distance of their charm is to say a thing fatuous in its inadequacy. Only one rival indeed was possible to Mr. Brett. And his name is an author one has never heard, though his work is known as the "Arabian Nights." But was even the "Arabian Nights" so crammed with joy as the twain, those Arcadian brethren of Romance? I doubt it. For the "Nights" is imposed on some children, as Shakespeare is on their elders, by convention; a circumstance naturally against its popularity. Whereas one got to 173, Fleet Street (that ecstatic number!) on one's own account. Again, what an art there was in the mere weekly instalment of romance. "Ha! ha!" cried Sir Roland, the Young Roundhead. But at that moment his blood ran cold in his veins, for there before him stood—who?—*To be continued in our next.* Was not that the way of it?—and a very good way too! *The Boys* "came in" on Saturday, if I recall aright, the *Young Men* on Thursday; or was it *vice versa*? It matters not. But

twice a week I can promise you I had that within which passed all telling, and which, I have learnt to my cost in years since then, was identical with what Leeches prescribe for by the name of "Palpitation." At the appointed hour of its arrival, and long before, the stationer beheld my form, what time my hands clutched the counter in uncontrollable excitement, and in staccato, childish note I queried, "Boys—England—in?" I can see yet the brutally indifferent shopman (like Jack Ketch with the rope in Mr. Thackeray's sketch) finger the morning's batch of papers and turn them over till at last from a batch of mere *Saturday Reviews*, *Spectators*, and such rubbish he extracts a *literary treasure*. Tremulous hands have it from him before he can ask the invariable question, "Are you a subscriber?" And I am off, off, off home to such a feast as only Edwin J. Brett could give.

What stories do I read when I get safely with my *Boys of England* or my *Young Men of Britain* I would fain go on to tell, but that these confessions are so much more interesting to oneself than to one's readers. Only I must mention a certain delightful "Travelling School," which went about surrounded by secret enemies, I think, whom it invariably crushed, and "Rattling Tom's Schooldays," and "(Somebody) the Brigand," and "Roland the Young Roundhead," as samples of a thousand more that infinitely rejoiced and improved me, and, indeed, made me the man I am. The sub-titles of the stories were far more thrilling; would that I could recall them! But better than the serials, if possible, were the complete stories at 1s. a volume, republished from the journals. "Jack Harkaway," what do I not owe to thee! Jack, who wert a school-boy, a sailor, a castaway, a soldier, who in every capacity wert heroic and tremendous above the wildest dreams of adult fiction. Then there were other exquisite volumes, among which it were ungrateful not to name in particular the adventures of "Tom Floremall," of "Harlequin Joe," and of "Dick Light-heart, the Scapegrace of the School," with all of whom I spent many an exciting hour.

Finally, Edwin J. Brett published—plays! Show me their equal in any adult theatre, and you'll be clever. I would say something of them, too, but that Mr. R. L. Stevenson has very inconsiderately chosen to occupy the ground here, devoting an incomparable essay to one Skelt, in which he says everything one would have wished to say of the dramatist Edwin. Skelt, indeed! Let me first say that I know his drama; also B. Pollock's; also Rivington's; and that none are fit to be named in the same breath with Edwin J. Brett's. We, too, had the *Miller and his Men* in our drama, but whereas Grindoff was a burlesque creation *console Skelto*, with us he was simply horrible, "and seemed to shake the spheres." He was excessively like unto a well-known poet, and critic, and editor. . . . Now there is a certain lofty attic that looks out on the North Sea. On most days of the year it sees a wide expanse of waters *foamed* with foam—"the white wandering waste" the immortal lines to Walter Savage Landor—and spray that the sea throws up is blown against the window-pane. To-day it looks, no doubt, on violet waters girdling a limitless stretch of yellow sand, and reaching to the dark blue hills of Angus. But there, on how many a winter night, a merry crew assembled—actors, stage-managers, auditors—for 'twas our theatre. If the latest theory of things unseen be true, and man in his seven several acts throws off a phantom emanation of himself to haunt each lodge of his past, what a troupe of homuncles must patter up and down that attic when the house is still. Methinks there is Edwin J. Brett in the midst of them. . . .

There is one thing I would say with Skelt's brilliant apologist, and in his very words: that in these prattling confessions you have "the record of a happy childhood." Mr. Brett's may not be a very

literary or artistic part in fiction, but it is one on which you can call a "God bless him" without fearing to be convicted of "bleat." He makes children happy as only storied adventures can, and he does so by entirely innocent means. Granting their "hair-breadthness" of incident, there never was a healthier set of works than those that come from that shop in Fleet Street. Looking back, it seems to me there never was a better nor a cleverer, though probably this is not warranted by the fact. But, anyhow, it must be a very silly parent who wants to bring children prematurely to "common-sense." I am acquainted with a lady of four-and-a-half, whom all who know her admit to be the most charming, clever, well-informed, accomplished, well-bred, agreeable person they have ever met: in short, the most satisfactory fact in life. And I rejoice to state that this person is being left absolutely free from her "letters" to grow up for the meanwhile "a little savage." Nature, as in the leading case of Lucy, has assumed the care of her education, and is making a very perfect little lady of her own. Lately my friend inquired of her mother: "Have you noticed those red rings in the grass?" "Yes," said the mother. "Then," said *Regina et Imperatrix*, "you should go inside them—once you're in there, you're in fairyland." And she proceeded to give an account of an entirely visible and real world which she had discovered for herself within these "red rings"—in a word, of fairyland. . . . Would anyone undeserving Colney Hatch or a halter bring this happiest of little people out of her ideal life? One hopes not. And now for a "practical application." The lady of this parable doesn't read; she makes her own stories to her own liking. Your little boy, dear sir, or madam, probably has learned to read, and has an appetite for romantic incident, even if it is not yet developed. And in any case *you* can read to *him*. Eschew then "Common-Sense," and listen to this word by way of moral, which I borrow unblushingly from Mr. R. L. Stevenson:—"If you love folly, laughter, and the bright faces of children," hasten to 173, Fleet Street, E.C., and insist on an audience with Edwin J. Brett. That man, I tell you, has *The Spirit of Delight* under lock and key, and lets it out at moderate charges. There are plays (I make no doubt), there are serials, there are complete tales for every taste. Perhaps the toy theatre will give most fun for the money; you must judge for yourself—but go! Armed with whatever guerdon I get for this article I confess I design to go thither myself and renew old acquaintances, and, mayhap, make new ones. And who knows but we may meet? C. W. BOYD.

#### IMPRESSIONS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

MARRIED folk and spinsters always know where they are going to dine. But the bachelor says, "Where shall I dine to-day? Shall I spend two shillings in a chop-house, or five in my club, or ten in the Café Royal? For two or three more shillings I can dine on the balcony of the Savoy, facing the entrancing spectacle of evening darkening on the river, the lights of bridge and wharf and warehouse afloat in the tide." So the bachelor questions himself when clocks are striking six, when his brush hurries to finish the drapery that falls over a lady's foot, when he seeks the sonorousness of a concluding rhyme or a harmonious transition from key to key; or, may be, he asks himself the question in the idle Sunday street. I did a Sunday or two ago. Fruitless had been my September visiting, and the sky was paling behind the jutting Gothic roofs at the end of Victoria Street.

The clocks had only struck half-past six—the place was Victoria Street. So the thought of dinner suggested that I should walk across St. James's Park. Since boyhood that park has had a strange and

persistent attraction for me. As far back as I can remember I have lingered in Piccadilly to admire the moon-haunted dell. Twenty years ago the white rays showed between the tree trunks, and the interspaces lengthen out disappearing in the illusive light; and ascending the hill I wondered at the circle of lights shining far away like a village. So I turned out of Victoria Street and entered the park by quite the eastern gate. A girl-baby lay on the gravel, screaming dreadfully. The baby's mother, a coster woman, seemed to me to handle the child rather roughly, and I thought of interfering, but the tone of her voice when she said, "Oh, you naughty girl!" led me to think that I was mistaken. But even were it otherwise, nothing would come of my protest; the mother might even revenge herself on the child. That child must suffer, as other children have suffered—we all suffer. What matter? What importance a girl-child more or less in the world—a few tears and screams—? At that moment my thoughts were laid hold of by landscape beauty more exquisite than any I had yet seen in the park. Like plumes the branches of the tall plane trees hung over the green sward, the thin deciduous leafage hardly stirring in the pale sunshine. Ceremonious and cynical garden, artificial as eighteenth century couplets. But wild Nature repels me, and I would as soon admire a Hottentot girl as the primeval forest; mountains, when more than a line on the horizon, are only fit for chromo-lithography. In vain I ask myself why landscape painters leave London. St. James's Park is the most beautiful country in the world. There are few flowers there (are there any?), but there are beautifully-planted trees. Who looks at flowers when trees are present? Flowers are jewellery, trees are the women themselves. I watch the trees, and never weary of their swaying. How solemn, silent, and strangely green they are in the long rainy days; how excited they become when a breeze is blowing; they gossip in fine weather, talking the news like frivolous girls. In their tremulous decline they are more than ever beautiful, far more than flowers; the falling leaf is beautiful and pathetic as sleep!

And never did Nature doze with gentler grace than two Sundays ago in St. James's Park. The long branches hung out of the stately plane trees like plumes; the droop of the deciduous leafage seemed to speak like a memory. In the hush of the evening and the fading of the light, the landscape acquired strange intensity of life. The place seemed familiar to me, and even part of myself. And then smiling at my own dullness, I recognised the glade as a beautiful Watteau. I could see Pierrot there—not the white sensual animal who stands on the hill-top. The Pierrot I saw had, I think, a crimson cloak on his shoulders, and he leaned over a lady twanging a guitar. It was something like the picture in the Dulwich Gallery. But it was more like that exquisite little picture in the Louvre, "*Une Assemblée dans le Parc*." All the gallants and ladies lie by the water-side, and the evening gathers among the tall trees. The picture I saw was like that picture, only the placing of the trees and the slope of the green sward did not admit of so extended a composition. A little vexed that I could not determine which Watteau I had seen, I walked along the admirable pathway till I was stopped by sight of one of the loveliest Corots in the world.

It was the tree trunks and the glades on the left of the pathway that had revealed Watteau to me. But now a rough tree trunk from which a great branch had been broken stood out in vigorous silhouette; the rest of the picture was dim with delicate haze. A beautiful rose sky evaporated, pure and transparent as the very heart of a flower, filling the park with romance, and as the light dropped upon the water my soul said "The lake!" Ah, the pensive shadow that falls from the hills on either side of "the lake," leaving the middle of the picture suffused with a long stream of soft light narrowing as it

approaches the low horizon. But the line of trees on the hither side of this London lake were heavier than the spiritual trees in the exquisite picture entitled "*By the Side of the Water*," and there was not anywhere the beauty of the broken birch that leans over the lake in "*Le Lac de Garde*." Nor was the St. James's Park picture in so high a key. Then I thought of the "Ravine." For the darkening island reminded me of the hillside in that picture. But the St. James's Park sky lacked the refined concentration of light of the "Ravine"—that light, beautifully placed, low down in the picture, behind some dark branches jutting from the right! The Corot I had met in St. James's Park was not a true Corot, but merely an abortive attempt on the part of Nature to rise to a great man's level. A good deal of vigour, a plentiful lack of taste. . . Still a picture which afforded me many minutes of true æsthetic pleasure.

"The best of all the false Corots," I said, as I walked towards the bridge—that dear bridge thrown straight as a plank across the lake. Numerous water-fowl were of course there, a black swan driving ducks about and snatching more than his due share of the bread, little children staring stolidly, a little afraid, and constantly reproved by their mothers for reasons which must always seem obscure to the bachelor. Buckingham Palace filled the end of the vista between the island and the shore; the line is good, no doubt, but a little obvious, something that the photographer would uncover before, and young ladies would certainly think of sketching. I liked better the distant pinnacles of Charing Cross. The conical caps of the big hotels were turning cold in the night—fine hard lines lost on a grey sky, like spires in a drawing by Dürer. A young man pulled two or three vigorous strokes, and ducked his head as he passed under the low bridge. I walked across to see him come out the other side. But that day the ducks were congregated on the other side; a little breeze was blowing, and they bobbed like corks on the waves, keeping themselves in place with graceful side-strokes of their webbed feet. The swift-flying wild duck came round the trees from Queen Anne's Mansions; and they fled down the lake with outstretched necks, like ducks on a Japanese fan, and then dropped into the water by the darkening island, leaving long silver lines which the night instantly obliterated.

An impression of passing away, of the effacement of individual life. I turned hoping for fresh scenes of beauty; but the rest of the way to St. James's Street is barren, even ugly; and the rose sky had turned to a cold crimson. But my heart no longer needed Nature as incentive, and I walked thrilled as by some of Whistler's most beautiful pictures, exalted as by Beethoven's sonatas, enchanted as by a magical tale by Tourguénief. G. M.

## THE DRAMA.

### "A LIFE OF PLEASURE."

WHAT I like about the new Drury Lane drama is that it shows an honest endeavour to reflect not merely the external incidents peculiar to our own day—I mean the class of incident always associated in the illustrated newspapers with "our special artist"—but something, as well, of the sentiments and ideas peculiar to our own day. The curse of so-called realistic melodrama, as presented to us during the past decade, has been the glaring incongruity between the modernity of its material form and the antiquity of its intellectual and emotional content. We have had real water, real fire-escapes, real hansom cabs, real "matter" in all its manifestations; but the "mind" to which all this has served as an environment has remained obstinately unreal and impossible. Heroes accurately costumed as soldiers or jack-tars or policemen, or outside

stockbrokers of the nineties, have declaimed the sentiments of the fifties in language which no human being has spoken at any time; a fresh and vigorous realism in externals has been marred by petrified convention of internals. There, I think, is the fundamental reason why so many of us have found cause to quarrel with melodrama. If melodrama had been conventional all through—as the willow-pattern plate or an Italian pantomime is conventional—it might still have been an agreeable form of art. But it has hitherto been a hybrid species, something pretending to depict actual life, while really repeating with mechanical unintelligence the repetitions of things that were never actual. It is because *A Life of Pleasure* breaks with this bad old fashion, because it shows signs of real observation, not only of what men wear and do, but of what they think and say, in the year 1893, that I am inclined to rank it far above anything of the kind yet produced at Drury Lane or at any other theatre devoted to spectacular melodrama.

You must not expect everything at once. There is still a certain leaven of convention in *A Life of Pleasure*; the betrayed heroine, her poor but honest lover, the comic Jew usurer, the unjust steward, and others of the personages, reek of it. But these personages are of little account, nobody marks them; the real interest is elsewhere, and in much of that interest I think I detect a vein of genuine observation of life which augurs well for the vitality of this class of work. After all, it would be a pity if melodrama were to disappear from the stage. It pleases so many innocent people, and it provides profitable occupation for so many theatres which without it would straightway become the abomination of desolation.

And now to pick out some of the plums of observation from *A Life of Pleasure*. The opening scene is an Irish eviction. It is a cruel and unjustifiable eviction, the work of a wicked agent of a good landlord; there are too many shillelaghs and "arrahs, bedad's," and "o' shones;" there you have the element of convention. The police are assisted by soldiery, and a conflict is prevented by the good humour and good sense of the young officer in command. He chaffs the angry crowd with imperturbable cheerfulness, says he is glad to part friends with gentlemen who carry such thick sticks, and the regiment marches off amid the cheers of the peasantry. There you have the element of observation; for the goodwill of the populace towards the soldiers, in contrast with their hatred of the constabulary, is one of the newspaper actualities of the day. It is not very much, perhaps, the introduction of this modern trait—in the letter of "our special correspondent" we should pass it by as a well-worn *cliché*—but on the melodramatic stage, always years behind the rest of the world, it is really noteworthy.

An up-river scene shows us the lawn at Skindle's and a real house-boat moored under Cliveden Woods. As a rule, boating-scenes on the stage have been fantastically untrue to life. We have seen Oxford eights spending the night before the race in wild orgies at a Fulham villa, we have seen a boat's crew singing a song in chorus, and thumping the stage with their oars, as though they were a party of amateurs at a comic opera. There are no absurdities of this kind at Drury Lane. We have a collection of actual, observed types—the lady who sings a Tosti ballad very much out of tune, to a banjo accompaniment, the gentleman who offers to recite "The Woman of Mumbles Head." There are allusions to the inevitable rain at Henley, to the steam-launch nuisance, and so forth. The stern and unbending purists of realism might object that the house-boat is moored on the wrong side of the river, and that Mr. Harry Nicholls' combination of pink tie and maroon hat-ribbon is not the costume usually affected by British gentlemen on Thames-side—but, I repeat, in melodrama you must not expect everything at once. From the river we pass, by a natural transi-

tion, to the Empire Theatre of Varieties in Leicester Square, where we see the Daughters of Joy who perustrate the corridors, gigantic "chuckers-out" chucking out the disorderly, and other delights. In the bad old days of melodrama, this scene would have been ruined by a parody of the first act of *La Traviata*; we should have had a drinking chorus, and persecuted innocence in a Paisley shawl would have been sure to cry "Unhand me, villain," before the evening was out. It is true that a little convention still obstinately lingers; the heroine denounces the villain to a crowd obligingly ranged in a semicircle, and dashes a glass of champagne in his face—a thing, I believe, quite impossible in so outwardly decorous a place of entertainment as the Empire. Yet here, too, we get our leaven of genuine observation—in the character of a "serio-comic" lady, who works hard, leads a quiet, respectable life, is too shy to come "in front" when her "turn" is over; in short, is in the music-hall world, but not of it. Rightly or wrongly, the crowd believe that there are many such "artistes," and they like to believe it. Remember the evidence given about the character of the poor girl, a ballet-dancer at this very theatre, who was murdered the other day, and the satisfaction which that evidence has, beyond a doubt, given to the average newspaper reader. There is, in truth, a piquancy in the contrast between the giddy frivolities of an "artiste" on the stage and her humdrum, laborious aged-mother-supporting life off it which takes the popular imagination captive. Mr. Henry Pettitt—did I tell you that Mr. Pettitt, along with Sir Augustus Harris, is the author of *A Life of Pleasure*?—Mr. Henry Pettitt has observed this little "modern" fact; and in bringing it, with other observed facts of the same kind, into his play he has, I say again, done something towards vitalising melodrama.

I might analyse the rest of the play with much the same result. There is, for instance, the Burmah scene, which presents us, for the first time probably on any stage, with a picture of campaigning as it really is. We no longer have a general prancing in front of his troops on a circus-charger, shouting, "Up, Guards, and at 'em," and carrying a standard which is subsequently brought down to the front of the stage to be waved amid red fire to the tune of "Rule Britannia," or "God save the Queen." No, we have the real, unpicturesque thing: the Kahki uniforms, cartridge belts, top-heavy helmets, and a general air of "business." We see the regimental barber at work (a different sort of barber from him of *Champignol Malgré Lui*), the men cleaning their accoutrements, and grim old "non-coms" licking their men into shape as Mulvaney licked Private Ortheris. The officers make no fine speeches, and, when facing death, only want to know what has won the Lincolnshire Handicap. Here, again, we recognise Mr. Pettitt's observant eye for things as they are. Many more instances might be given—but I forbear. Let me not raise undue expectations in those who have not seen *A Life of Pleasure*. It is not a literary masterpiece, and it does not pretend to be. It is not even a neatly constructed play. All I want to insist upon is the proof it affords that our melodramatists are at last waking up to the necessity of importing modern thoughts and feelings into their work as well as modern "properties." "Soyons modernes" is the cry of one of the latest heroes of "Gyp." With this motto, melodrama may yet go far.

A. B. W.

#### A BOOK-LOVER.

I WILL describe him for you as he leans over his half-door of a summer's evening, looking across green fields to the blue distance, where presently the lighthouse lamps will set up their revolving lights. The city is down there in the mist. Beyond it, and beyond a strip of blue sea, the islands and the rocky

promontory are steeped in rose and grey. He is quite an old chap, with a jolly, round, bullet-head. His keen face is wizened by many lines of laughter. He is whistling jocosely to himself. If you should tempt him across his threshold to a conversation, he will presently, with hands deep in his pockets, break into a comical jig of a few steps, just for the mere fun of it. He comes up so, quite readily, to my mind's eye out of the mists of nigh a score of years ago. That is my childhood's impression of him, and I have forgotten, or perhaps never knew, the time when he went heavily, with never a jig in his toes and heels.

His house was high enough for a house of two stories, but compromised matters by a loft at each gable-end, ascended by a ladder and leaving the common living-room a wide space of smoke-blackened wall and thatch between. In those days, however, there was little of the wall visible for the stacks of books. He had them piled high, here on a rough brown dresser intended for kitchen crockery, there on a primitive arrangement of shelves, suspended by a cord slung through holes in the end of each. He had bought lavishly, if not wisely, at the book-stalls, and at an occasional sale. Where did he get the money? Heaven knows! He was of the class known in Ireland as "dairy boys," irrespective of age. His wages might be eighteen shillings a week. I suppose what other men spent in whiskey or tobacco, with him went for books. His wife, a placid, silent woman, never objected to this extravagance of her man. I suppose she thought it was a peaceable diversion, and very desirable, seeing that other men's diversions led to drink, and rows, and misery.

He might be called a book-worm in the sense that the contents of the books, so far as reaching his mind, concerned him but little. If I said he was more intelligent, more bookish than his fellows, I would be wrong. He loved books with an intensity of devotion, but it was because they were books. The fine distinction of *biblia abiblia* never reached him. Equally delightful they were to him, were they "Cumming on the Miracles" or a lurid romance of G. W. M. Reynolds. It was to carry them home, to hold them, to feel them, to climb the ladder and add them to the congested shelves; that made the delight.

I don't know where he found the curious taste. Perhaps it was as well it went no further with him than skin-deep of the books. It is unsafe to be different from your fellows. I once knew a pigeon who took it into his head to desert his own kind for human. He was a handsome fellow, too, and of a high and haughty spirit. A veritable anchorite of the desert to the iris-necked maidens of his kind, who came cooing and languishing about him all in vain. He first constituted himself watch-dog of the forge, opposite the kitchen-windows, and followed the blacksmith like a dog, but with more respect for himself than has anything canine. He watched the forge jealously, and resented the presence there of anything, human or otherwise, except himself and his adopted master. Even the harmless necessary horses were shod to the tune of his incessant pecking at their hoofs. But one day, in seeking to eject an intrusive hen who had roosted on a pitch-pot, the pair, in the heat of combat, fell in. But this was not Tom's end. We, whom his originality and fearlessness had made friends, took him to the kitchen, and having cleansed him to the best of our power, left Time and his indomitable spirit to complete the cure. Alack, when he was well past convalescence, and in full possession of the kitchen as he had been of the forge, he disappeared one night from the fender where we had left him nodding. Either a passing cat, or our own perfidious one, had made an end of this rare spirit; which proves that a bird should keep his wings, and not step on the earth to be a prey to cats.

However, no one of his own kind resented my old book-lover's hobby. As for us youngsters, he was our Mudie. From his shelves we carried off the

stories of the Thirties, Mrs. Gore's novels, and Mrs. Trollope's, Miss Sewell's, and Miss Ferrier's. G. W. M. Reynolds we devoured in "The Coral Island," a big tome of horrors; and there was Eugène Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" in three big volumes, with a picture to every two inches of letterpress. Side by side with such coarse food for young imaginations we had Miss Wetherall in "Say and Seal" and "The Wide, Wide World," and had the good taste to prefer her. We were omnivorous readers, and were little in fear of check, as our reading-room was an overgrown orchard, where it was easy to elude pursuit or capture, and where we were wicked enough to lie low till voices were tired calling us, and we were left in peace till the owls began to hoot and the moon swung into the delicate green and rosy sky, and the long, long, delicious day was over.

I don't know if the old fellow had read any of his own books, but there were two he held perpetually before us as a fee if we brought back the long-missing members of batches, as a threat of their being withheld from us if we did not supply the same omissions. I think, myself, they were apocryphal, for I hunted the shelves from end to end and never caught a glimpse of them. They were called "Fatherless Fanny" and "A Necklace of Pearls." If he had the books he treasured them away in a safe place, and whether we restored the missing ones or not, we never caught sight of those oft-dangled bribes.

There was Miss Edgeworth, too. I think we knew "Belinda" and "Ennui" and "The Absentee" from cover to cover. Odd volumes of Swift he had too. We liked "Gulliver's Travels," but turned away from the uninvitingness of "A Tale of a Tub." Our indiscriminate reading, after all, did us but little harm. A child desires a story beyond all things, and will turn away from anything that is not a story; and even if one has to wade through much undesirable matter to get one's story, it is with a single attention fixed on it that takes in little else.

Those were good days for the book-lover, and for us his clients. It was always summer, or the winters have escaped my memory. A milestone of a pantomime stands out in relief now and then, but nothing else at all of the winter. Only for ever the long, long days, and the apples, and the books that one read, devouring apples all the while from one's pinafore with the appetite of some little wood-creature.

As well as his wife, there was a daughter in the old book-lover's house; an unexpected girl of her class, as he was a man. Not that she had gifts of any kind, but she was pretty in a delicate way. She was a feather-headed, innocent creature, tall and slender. The old mother did the household work, and Polly's hands were as white as a lady's. Her face was a soft, delicate pink; not rosy and white, but just as faintly pink as a little rose. Round her small head her light, tow-coloured hair stood out as fluffily as if someone had been blowing through it. She, often enough, was leaning over the half-door, looking up and down the road, when we sailed in sight, young pirates, in quest of the books we were so careless about restoring. I don't think she ever did work more serious than making up the muslins and prints that she affected; and that helped to give her that airy look as if one might blow her away like thistledown. She was so innocent she often came with us children mushroom-hunting, or blackberry-gathering. I remember, in a dim way, her pretty, vacant laughter, for despite her eighteen years she was as young as the youngest baby that would not be left at home, though its company was such a clog and embarrassment. We used to go over hills of furze, where strange, beautiful little moths fluttered, blue as the skies, golden-brown, silver. Polly, in her green or pink muslin frocks, was as light and fluttering. I don't know where they have gone to, those moths—whether they came out of Fairyland and flew back there—but I never see them now, nor the poisonous toadstools that grew in brilliant rings of scarlet

bronze, and azure, under the mysterious trees of a park, where nowadays the noon is commonplace.

Children notice much, half observantly. Anyhow, the time came when we knew that Polly had a lover. We met them sometimes in the green twilight, when the bats were out, or when we were selecting our tale of books. Polly languidly looking on, a whistle would come from outside, and Polly, with an increased shade of pinkness, would glide through the doorway, and we saw her no more.

He was a young farmer—much more than Polly's social equal; he would have called himself a young gentleman, I daresay, having been to boarding-school, and enjoyed other advantages. He was not especially prosperous at the time, for my father had just bought the land which belonged to him and his brothers, and which had been groaning under a weight of debt. There was enough money, however, when divided, to afford each of them a hopeful start in America. By degrees they all did sail for that Eldorado of Irish folk, and prospered, for so long as we knew anything of their doings.

Polly's love-affair lasted during a summer. It is like brushing the dust off things in a long-closed room to piece my memories of it. I remember a wet August evening when we came upon them under an overhanging roof of ivy by a grey wall. The roads were winding ways of gold with the yellow bindweed that flared that summer in long lines, where in spring there had been an innocent procession of the daisies. The rain was sweeping silverly over the hills. The pair were under one umbrella, Polly's muslin-clad shoulders protected by a tweed-covered arm that was withdrawn as soon as the little pitchers hove in sight. They were having merry times; for before they had seen us we had heard Polly's laughter, almost violently merry.

Whether her father and mother were anxious over this unequal love-making I am not sure. We sometimes came in on conversations hushed at our entrance. I think our old book-lover grew disturbed in his heart, for he no more shuffled into his gay dance, and was indifferent about the books we took. Judging by later knowledge, I should think he was getting afraid his little girl's heart would be hurt. A coarser fear I am sure he had not. He had the kind of simple refinement that would keep him from wronging in his thoughts the child he had reared with such unusual daintiness. Then she was such an innocent, fly-away creature, somehow it would be hard to associate sin with her, or even the serious sorrow and trouble of the world.

A month after that August evening we were caught and caged in school. It had been discovered in some unhappy hour for us that "those children were really running *too* wild." Poor Polly's innocent love-story finished itself out after we went. We knew that Polly's Jim was going to America; it was common report. About the time we were getting into the habit of rules and lessons he and his big brothers were on an Atlantic liner. I suppose he was fond of poor Polly in his own selfish way, but not fond enough to marry her. Of course I know nothing about their parting. She was not likely to be very troublesome, poor, tender child, and the old father was too proud to go asking any man to marry her. I suppose they thought she'd forget in time, and once more be happy in the love of the old father and mother, who thought nothing too good for her. However, Polly cut the Gordian knot of her troubles more suddenly.

Another girl, stricken to the heart as she was, would have fallen into a decline and wasted away patiently to the grave. Poor, feather-brained Polly, after a week or so of dull quiet, woke up father and mother one night by talking loudly in a rapid, unnatural voice, broken by bursts of laughter more dreadful still. From the beginning there was no hope. The fever burnt and wasted her like wax before the fire. All her pretty hair was cut off, the pink gave way to hectic cheeks and ashen pallor, the pretty roundedness grew into sudden sharp curves.

On a mild day of October a letter came that told us Polly was dead. When we came home the year after the old book-lover and his books were gone. When he had laid his little girl to rest he would stay no longer in the place where she had died. He went back to the city—he and his old wife—heavy-hearted, with the books carelessly heaped in a cart. He never came back to see us, as his fellows have always done; and driving through the city's purlieus, where his home would be, we never caught a glimpse of him. I do not know if he even visits Polly's grave, under the three twisted yews that the west wind has blown awry. The churchyard there abuts on the fields, and is not eerie. The hills look down on it for ever, and the west wind riots above it, and beyond are the fields where Polly walked with her lover twenty long years ago.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### PURITANISM AND WOMEN.

SIR,—Is it one of the editorial rules that while the two gladiators "A. T. Q. C." and "Φ" are wrestling in the arena of the "Causerie" spectators must preserve a strictly impartial attitude? The great Milton controversy has already overflowed into the columns of the provincial press; will you, therefore, concede to one of the regular readers of THE SPEAKER similar hospitality?

According to "A. T. Q. C." Puritanism may be defined as "that habit of mind by which harm is found in things innocent"; or, to adapt Milton, "new Puritan is but old prude writ large." I do not believe it is true of Puritanism generally; surely not of its great exponent. Can even the ingenious "A. T. Q. C." find aught of inverted modesty in the fine description ("Paradise Lost," Book IV., lines 288 to 322) of Adam and Eve as they first appeared "in naked majesty" to Satan? The two lines

"So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight  
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill . . ."

are not the least suggestive in a passage which for freedom of description ought to controvert your critic's observations with reference to the limitations Puritanism has placed upon "the written word."

But perhaps the best definition of the Puritan attitude towards those topics which the prude would contend lie on the border-line between the proper and the tabooed is to be found in Milton's "Areopagitica": "Therefore the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can comprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, . . . and yet distinguish, . . . he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and meets her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world; we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness . . ." Milton was for dealing frankly with the human body on the principle that "to the pure all things are pure." What does "A. T. Q. C." want more? Does he plead for the artistic freedom of that character in Mr. Mallock's "New Republic," who "always spoke of women as though they had no clothes on?"—Yours, etc.,  
PURITAN.

### CHOLERA AND INSTITUTES OF "PREVENTIVE MEDICINE."

SIR,—In the interesting article which you published by Sir Henry Roscoe a great many true things are told us about cholera and its usual cause and mode of prevention, with which every true sanitarian will heartily agree. More especially as to the effectual remedy of boiling water before drinking it much unimpeachable testimony might be quoted in corroboration. Sir Samuel Baker, in particular, is able to speak from a very extensive experience in malarious districts, and he positively asserts that "neither he nor any of his party ever have fever in any climate although forced to use water of the most questionable character." He also speaks of averting danger from cholera in a similar fashion. In referring to Sir Henry's opinion of the water-supply of this metropolis, and that of the Royal Commission on the same, you very justly say, however, that although the opinion is meant to be flattering, it is not really reassuring.

One would certainly have believed more in these gentlemen if they had shown some righteous indignation against the iniquity of allowing the filth of numerous house-boats to be discharged into the Thames above the intake of several of our water companies, and if they had not endeavoured to discourage all attempts to get water uncontaminated by the sewage of Oxford, Windsor, and Reading. Because, forsooth, many other populations can be found who are worse off, and where many more grains of organic matter per gallon are found to be dissolved in their drinking-water, therefore the richest city in the world is to be condemned, up to the advent of the millennium, to drink out of what it is not altogether metaphorical to call "a dirty ditch."

But Sir Henry does not only "preach comfortable things" concerning our water-supply. He believes in Pasteur and all his ways. Being a distinguished chemist, he is, therefore, an authority on another science which he has had no opportunity of studying, and can lay down the law on medicine without even being a doctor. Would it surprise Sir Henry Roscoe to hear that physicians of eminence are by no means agreed as to the value of M. Pasteur's prophylactic; and that statisticians have taken exception to every one of his published statements? Dr. A. Lutand says he "does not cure hydrophobia—he gives it"; and the late Professor Peter of Paris opposed his doctrines and practice as dangerous to the community. I might mention many others, and also the remarkable coincidence that since M. Pasteur set up his establishment for the cure of hydrophobia, that disease has killed more people every year in France than have been previously recorded. That we should imitate such a "hygienic" institution is then to be deprecated. Nor have those nations who have done so, more immunity from cholera, typhoid, or small-pox than we have. On the contrary, those nations that get up scares, endow "hygienic" institutes, and establish diabolical quarantine regulations, happen to be the worst off in every kind of epidemic disease, and no better off in respect of almost any other.

EDWARD HAUGHTON.

Spring Grove House, Upper Norwood, S.E.

#### RUS IN URBE.

A LITTLE brown finch in the plane-tree swings,  
And my heart, like a cage-bird, beats its wings,  
Sick with desire for the woodland ways,  
The hills where the red kine graze.

Dead leaves whirl in the dusty street,  
But I know the wind from the sea blows sweet,  
Through dark deep clefts of the valleys green,  
Where the white gulls float between.

This colourless street is bleak and bare,  
But robins sing in the orchards there;  
Apples are bright on the orchard bough,  
And the elms gleam golden now.

The wind dies out with the fading sun,  
The dance of the withered leaves is done;  
A strange spell holdeth the hard grey street,  
And the murky air grows sweet.

I watch from my window, looking down,  
The golden lights of the great grey town—  
The blue, blue dusk and the amber glare  
Of gas in the twilight air.

I hear no call from the wind-swept hill,  
The voice of the breaking surf is still,  
And which is dearer I know no more—  
The street or the far sea-shore.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

##### THE COUNTRY AS "COPY."

THE case of a certain small volume of verse in which I take some interest, and its treatment at the hands of the reviewers, seems to me to illustrate in a sufficiently amusing manner an amusing trick that the British critic has been picking up of late. In a short account of Mr. Hosken, the Helston poet, written by way of preface to his "Verses By the Way" (Methuen & Co.), I took occasion to point out that he was not what is called in

the jargon of these days a "nature-poet"; that his poetic bent inclined rather to meditation than to description; and that though his early struggles in London and elsewhere have made him acquainted with many strange people in abnormal conditions of life, his interest has always lain, not in these striking anomalies, but in the destiny of humanity as a whole and its position in the great scheme of things.

These are simple facts. I found them, easily enough, in Mr. Hosken's verse—where anybody else may find them. They also seem to me to be, for a critic's purpose, ultimate facts. It is an ultimate fact that Publius Virgilius Maro wore his buskins somewhat higher in the heels than did Quintus Horatius Flaccus: and no critic, to my knowledge, has been impertinent enough to point out that, since Horace had some experience of the tented field, while Virgil was a stay-at-home courtier, therefore Horace should have essayed to tell the martial exploits of Trojan and Rutulian while Virgil contented himself with the gossip of the Via Sacra. Yet—to compare small things with great—this is the mistake into which our critics have fallen in Mr. Hosken's case; and I mention it because the case is typical. They try to get behind the ultimate facts and busy themselves with questions they have no proper concern with. Some ask petulantly why Mr. Hosken is not a "nature-poet." Some are gravely concerned that "local talent" (*i.e.*, the talent of a man who happens to dwell in some locality other than the critic's) should not concern itself with local affairs; and remind him—

"To thine orchard edge belong  
All the brass and plume of song."

As if a man may not concern himself with the broader problems of life and attack them with all the apparatus of recorded experience, unless he happen to live on one slope or other of the Fleet Ditch! If a man have the gift, he can find all the "brass and plume of song" in his orchard edge. If he have not, he may (provided he be a *bona-fide* traveller) find it elsewhere. What, for instance, were the use of telling Keats: "To thine apothecary's shop belong all the brass and plume of song?" He couldn't find it there, so he betook himself to Chapman and Lempriere. If you ask, "What right has a country postman to be handling questions that vexed the brain of Plato?"—I ask in return, "What right had John Keats, who knew no Greek, to busy himself with Greek mythology?" And the answer is that each has a perfect right to follow his own bent.

The assumption of many critics that only within the metropolitan cab radius can a comprehensive system of philosophy be constructed, and that only through the plate-glass windows of the Athenæum Club is it possible to see life steadily, and see it whole, is one that I have before now had occasion to rebuke. It is joined in this case to another yet more preposterous—that from a brief survey of an author's circumstances we can dictate to him what he ought to write about, and how he ought to write it. And I have observed particularly that if a writer be a countryman, or at all well acquainted with country life, all kinds of odd entertainment is expected of him in the way of notes on the habits of birds, beasts, and fishes, on the growth of all kinds of common plants, on the proper way to make hay, to milk a cow, and so forth.

Now it is just the true countryman who would no more think of noting these things down in a book than a Londoner would think of stating in a novel that Bond Street joins Oxford Street and Piccadilly: simply because they have been familiar to him from boyhood. And to my mind it is a small but significant sign of a rather lamentable movement—of none other, indeed, than the "Rural Exodus," as Political Economists call it—that each and every novelist of my acquaintance, while assuming as a matter of course that his readers are tolerably familiar with the London Directory,

should, equally as a matter of course, assume them to be ignorant of the commonest features of open-air life. I protest there are few things more pitiable than the transports of your Cockney critic over Richard Jefferies. Listen, for instance, to this kind of thing:—

"Here and there upon the bank wild gooseberry and currant bushes may be found, planted by birds carrying off ripe fruit from the garden. A wild gooseberry may sometimes be seen growing out of the decayed 'touchwood' on the top of a hollow withy-pollard. Wild apple-trees, too, are not uncommon in the hedges.

"The beautiful rich colour of the horse-chestnut, when quite ripe and fresh from its prickly green shell, can hardly be surpassed; underneath the tree the grass is strewn with shells where they have fallen and burst. Close to the trunk the grass is worn away by the restless trampling of horses, who love the shade its foliage gives in summer. The oak-apples which appear on the oaks in spring—generally near the trunk—fall off in summer, and lie shrivelled on the ground, not unlike rotten cork, or black as if burned. But the oak-galls show thick on some of the trees, light green, and round as a ball; they will remain on the branches after the leaves have fallen, turning brown and hard, and hanging there till the spring comes again."—"Wild Life in a Southern County," pp. 224-5.

I say it is pitiable that people should need to read these things in print. Let me apply this method to some district of south-west London—say the Old Brompton Road:—

"Here and there along the street Grocery Stores and shops of Italian Warehousemen may be observed, opened here as branches of bigger establishments in the City. Three gilt balls may occasionally be seen hanging out under the first-floor windows of a 'pawnbroker's' residence. House-agents, too, are not uncommon along the line of route.

"The appearance of a wrinkle, when extracted from its shell with the aid of a pin, is extremely curious. There is a wrinkle-stall by the South Kensington Station of the Underground Railway. Underneath the stall the pavement is strewn with shells, where they have fallen and continue to lie. Close to the stall is a cab-stand, paved with a few cobbles, lest the road be worn overmuch by the restless trampling of cab-horses, who stand here because it is a cab-stand. The thick woollen goods which appear in the haberdashers' windows through the winter—generally inside the plate glass—give way to garments of a lighter texture as the summer advances, and are put away or exhibited at decreased prices. But collars continue to be shown, quite white and circular in form; they will probably remain, turning grey as the dust settles on them, until they are sold."

This is no travesty. It is a hasty, but I believe a pretty exact application of Jefferies' method. And I ask how it would look in a book. If the critics really enjoy, as they profess to, all this trivial country lore, why on earth don't they come into the fresh air and find it out for themselves? There is no imperative call for their presence in London. Ink will stain paper in the country as well as in town, and the Post will convey their articles to their editors. As it is, they do but overheat already overheated clubs. Mr. Henley has suggested concerning Jefferies' works that "in years to be, when the whole island is one vast congeries of streets, and the fox has gone down to the bustard and the dodo, and outside museums of comparative anatomy the weasel is not, and the badger has ceased from the face of the earth, it is not doubtful that the 'Gamekeeper' and 'Wild Life' and the 'Poacher'—epitomising as they will, the rural England of certain centuries before—will be serving as material authority for historical descriptions, historical novels, historical epics, historical pictures, and will be honoured as the most useful stuff of their kind in being." Let me add that the movement has begun. These books are already supplying the club-novelist with his open-air effects: and, therefore, the club-novelist worships them. From them he gathers that "wild apple-trees, too, are not uncommon in the hedges," and straightway he informs his public of this wonder. But it is hard on the poor countryman who, for the benefit of a street-bred reading public, must cram his books with solemn recitals of his A, B, C, and impressive announcements that two and two make four and a hedge-sparrow's egg is blue.

A. T. Q. C.

## REVIEWS.

### THE PYTHAGORAS OF NEW ENGLAND.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT: HIS LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY. By F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris. In 2 vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

"HE is a genial, innocent, simple-hearted man, of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity withal, which in many ways appeals to one. The good Alcott, with his long, lean face and figure, with his gray worn temples, and mild radiant eyes, all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age: he comes before one like a venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can laugh at without loving." This is Carlyle's sketch of Alcott in a letter (1842) to Emerson, who had specially commended Alcott to him; and this biography leaves one, on the whole, with a conviction of the wonderful accuracy of the portrait which Carlyle struck off after seeing the subject of it twice. Speaking to Alcott himself, Carlyle is said to have used the phrase, "Your dom'd Potato Gospel"—likely enough. Alcott's vegetarianism may be regarded as the outward manifestation of his Pythagoreanism; Iamblichus's "Life of Pythagoras" (in translation, of course) was his favourite book. In his short-lived experiment of farming on ideal principles at Fruitlands in 1843 Alcott would not allow the fields to be manured—at least, with any animal substance. The soil was to be "debauched no more with foul ordures:" the soil does not seem to have been as "grateful" as the Pythagorean expected. But there were greater defects about the community than the "dom'd Potato Gospel." Emerson—ever Alcott's best friend—had said, before the experiment was tried, "The fault of Alcott's community is that it has only room for one." Alcott had certainly one qualification for being a prophet—the most unbounded belief in himself. (He had many of the nobler qualities also.) In his early days, when the Connecticut farmer's son peddled the wares of his native State in Virginia, before he tried to peddle his brains in New England (the phrase comes from himself through Thoreau), his vanity showed itself in his spending his earnings on fine clothes. In his later years he said to Emerson: "You write on the genius of Plato, of Pythagoras, of Jesus; why do you not write of me?" He seemed to think he refuted the Evolution theory by saying, "I never can believe that I originated in that matter out there." Emerson, who himself appreciated Alcott's talk, admits that he was monotonous: he calls him "a tedious archangel," and of his written style he says, "it is all stir, and no go." Lowell, probably echoing Emerson, says of him in his "Fable for Critics":—

"While he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper  
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink, and paper."

Dr. Harris—who has genuine, but discriminating, admiration for the philosophical thoughts embedded in Alcott's writings—does not claim for them great literary merit, and confesses that he personally was disappointed in Alcott's conversations. Mr. Sanborn, his biographer, bases his claim to be considered a poet on the sonnets written when he was over eighty years of age. The sonnets—to judge by the numerous specimens given in the "Life"—are sonnets only in the sense of consisting of fourteen lines ("the mystic XIV.," as Alcott himself says). Some of them contain interesting descriptive passages, and they have the note of sincerity, but only a few lines ever touch the confines of poetry. Even the sonnet on Emerson's death contains this dreadful "emanation," or "lapse," from a reminiscence of Shelley:—

"Why weep for Ion here? He is not dead:  
Nought of the Personal that mound confines."

As for the philosophical poems—this comes from

"one of the most popular of them"—"The Seer's Rations":—

"Feeds thus and thus fares he,  
Speeds thus and thus cares he,  
Thus faces and graces  
Life's long euthanasies.

"His gifts unabated,  
Transfigured, translated,—  
The idealist prudent,  
Saint, poet, priest, student,  
Philosopher, he."

Mr. Sanborn asserts that in originality and profundity of thought Alcott equalled Carlyle and Emerson. "He had neither the deep-searching imagination of Carlyle, nor his vigorous grasp of language; but he resembled Carlyle in a certain wilfulness as to the choice of language, and much indifference to the habit and expectation of his readers." The grounds of Mr. Sanborn's comparison with Carlyle are rather odd. There are some would-be poets of whom one could easily say that they surpass the dulness of Wordsworth and approximate to the cacophony of Browning; but they would hardly thank one for the comparison.

What interest, it may be asked, can this "survival" (the phrase is Dr. Harris's), this Pythagorean or Neo-Platonist of the nineteenth century, this mystic who had not shaken himself free from the symbolism of early or decadent thinking, this writer without the true literary gift and without sufficient literary training, this ineffectual and fantastic reformer of society—what interest can he have for those who did not come under the charm of his real saintliness, or who do not, like the writers of this book, owe a personal debt of gratitude to him as the first great intellectual stimulus of their lives? Well, in the first place, that such a prophet should come out of prosaic, Calvinistic, money-making Connecticut, where Jonathan Edwards had hitherto represented the highest point of philosophic thought, this of itself is a matter that deserves study. Alcott was, in fact, the very central figure in the only remarkable intellectual movement which America has yet produced—the "Transcendentalism" of New England—the new "declaration of independence," as Dr. Harris calls it, "made in behalf of literature and art and philosophy." Of the remarkable group of writers who have caused Concord to become a literary shrine, Alcott was regarded as the man of deepest philosophic insight; and Emerson, though not blind to his limitations, acknowledged a great intellectual and spiritual obligation to him, and it was through him that many of Alcott's best thoughts reached the world in a form that the world could assimilate. Mr. Sanborn has skilfully used for his biography many unpublished papers of Emerson's, and every word of these is something added to literature, for which we may well be grateful.

To many persons, however, the name of Alcott will suggest most readily his daughter Louisa, whose books have delighted many children and many who have left childhood behind them. She certainly cannot have inherited her humour from her father, but to him she owed that chequered and often hard experience which gave her the material for her most successful writing. Speaking of "Little Women," she says herself: "We really lived most of this book; and if it succeeds, that will be the reason." Mr. Sanborn's biography shows how they lived with their unworldly, unpractical, but ever hopeful prophet-father—"the last man to be disappointed as the ages revolve," as Thoreau said of him.

In the earlier part of the narrative there are interesting pictures of the simple country life of New England in the early part of this century (Alcott was born in 1799)—a life rapidly disappearing, owing to the influx of foreigners and the departure westward of the old families. ("We have no better evidence," says Dr. Harris, "afforded to us of the decay and removal of New England than the fact that its spirit has become a theme for art.") There are interesting pictures also of another type

which has quite vanished—that of the easy-going Virginian planters, among whom the young Alcott went as a pedlar when he could get no opportunity of schoolmastering, and among whom, owing to the friendly intercourse of those days, he acquired what a travelling Englishman called "the manners of a very great peer." Alcott's attempts at school-teaching all failed after a time, owing to the prejudices he encountered and provoked; but he deserves to be remembered as a pioneer in educational reform; he was the American Pestalozzi, and his ideas came to him quite independently. His own intellectual development is, however, a more interesting matter. About 1827 we find him reading "Reed (*sic*), Stewart, and Locke; also Browne's (*sic*) 'Philosophy of the Human Mind.'" (The Transcendentalists might at least spell the names of uncongenial philosophers correctly.) But in 1833 he read Plato—in Thomas Taylor's translations—and Coleridge. It was probably Coleridge who introduced him to Plato and the Neo-Platonists. Emerson said of Alcott that he was the one man he had met "who could read Plato without surprise."

Dr. Harris contributes to the book only one long chapter, giving a very careful, sympathetic, and yet critical account of the philosophy expounded—or, rather, buried—in Alcott's "Orphic Sayings" and other writings. As might be expected from so thorough and accomplished a Hegelian, Dr. Harris points out the onesidedness of Alcott's Neo-Platonic theory of Emanation or "lapse," and his inadequate recognition of the other aspect of the universe—that of Evolution.

Besides a view of the "School of Philosophy and Orchard House, at Concord," there are two portraits of Alcott; one is an "idealised" portrait of the seer, the other is from a photograph of him as an old man, and may very properly be called "realistic," for it represents him in a top-hat. In both portraits one seems to see the "Don Quixote" of Carlyle's description, "whom nobody can laugh at without loving."

#### GREECE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

GREECE UNDER KING GEORGE. By R. A. H. Bickford-Smith. London: Richard Bentley & Sons.

EARLY in his book Mr. Bickford-Smith tells us that when he was first at Athens, as a student of the British School of Archaeology, a foreign diplomat, whose acquaintance he made at *table d'hôte*, said to him, "You are off to study the dead, and I the living; but I think you will pay attention to the living too some day." And he soon began to feel that interest in the people and the problems of modern Greece which nearly all travellers (Lord Windsor is the only exception we remember) soon exhibit for that nationality, which, in spite of the fanciful theories of an eccentric ethnologist, remains the representative of the chief, if not the sole, source of the progressive impulse in mankind to-day. Accordingly he set to work to collect information and statistics, which prove to be of very great interest and value. They are, of course, taken from obvious sources—the author acknowledges a considerable debt to Mr. Lewis Sergeant's "New Greece," and to "a sort of Greek 'Whitaker,'" the "Panhellenic Companion," which, owing to the amount of arrears which have to be made up, is not always adequate or up to date. There is a useful sketch of the history and the early misfortunes of the Greek kingdom; very full accounts of the commercial position, the productive capacities, the educational and political situation, and the social life—especially of the upper classes—with its unfortunate importation of some French institutions, such as the *mariage de convenance*; some useful particulars about the army and navy, which, together with the forecast of the political future, entirely bear out the contention which has often been made in THE SPEAKER, and justify the recent and apparently extravagant increase of the latter arm and its

preponderating importance, in view of the time, not far off, when the heritage of the Sultan comes to be divided; and a very valuable review—with which we entirely sympathise—of the claims of Greece to preponderance in sharing that inheritance.

For all details we must refer our readers to the book itself. It has some faults—it might be improved in literary form and style; too much trust is exhibited now and then in figures—for instance, in the absurd comparative statistics of crime under M. Deliyannis' and M. Tricoupis' Premiership respectively, which were published, obviously for electioneering purposes, and in support of a fallacy of the *post hoc propter hoc* type, during the last General Election, in the chief Tricoupist organ. Then we cannot agree by any means with most of the *obiter dicta* on political philosophy; and those much misused terms Socialism and Individualism come in for fresh maltreatment; while even the descriptions of Greek practical politics might be clearer than they are.

With regard to the beauties of the modern Greek language, too, we cannot quite follow Mr. Bickford-Smith. Readers of Greek newspapers—and it must be remembered that there is not much current Greek literature besides—will hardly agree that much of modern literary Greek is “almost up to New Testament form.” No doubt there is a certain Demosthenic ring about a denunciatory leader in a Greek paper; but the words! Stock journalistic phrases turned directly into specially-coined Greek words on antique models, with a foreign word here and there, and a grammar which assuredly is not classical, give the page the aspect of a caricature. Two sentences in especial occur to us: ἡ Ἀγγλικὴ ἐφημερίς Φύρδην Μίρδην (what admirable classical Greek for pell-mell!) δημοσιονεὶ εἰκόνα τῆς κυρίας Γριμουάδ: and a description of M. Tricoupis as behaving μετὰ [μετὰ] τὴν αὐθάδη ἀπάθειαν Ἀγγλου σπληνιῶντος ἐν τῷ σμοκινρούμ (sic) μεταξύ τῆς καπνοσυρίγγος του καὶ τῶν στηλῶν τοῦ Ταῦς. These our readers may translate for themselves, and then judge if they are up to “New Testament form,” any more than that phrase is up to the requirements of English literature.

All these objections, however, must be taken to imply that the book, as a whole, has interest and value enough to make one read it carefully; and as the result of reading it we strongly sympathise with its main conclusions. The English traveller cannot help liking his guides or mule-drivers, in spite of—or because of—the “cheerful communism” they display in turning their mules into any standing corn that may be handy, or in classing all English travellers as *λορδοὶ* and then associating with them on a footing of perfect equality, not to say community of goods. As to this freedom, however, Mr. Bickford-Smith offers the explanation that the travelling servants in question are often highly educated men—briefless barristers, for instance (and this in a country where eightpenny fees are not unknown), and adds, contrary to the opinion of most visitors, that their education has not in any way made them into that hopeless educated proletariat which is becoming a feature of Western Europe. Greece, after all, has to supply the Levant and Asia Minor with professional men; and (in view of what may happen) her machinery for the purpose is none too large.

For this, after all, is the great question for Greece: Shall she be the chief heir of the Turk? No nation—assuredly not that *protégé* of Europe, Bulgaria—has anything like so strong a claim. Yet somehow Greece is being left to drift under the protection of France, and so into the arms of the Franco-Russian alliance, with the other member of which her affinities are few indeed. Why should not England remedy this? Why not secure Greek support, in the great war we are mostly expecting, by a few concessions to Greek produce, by a Government subsidy to the admirable British School of Archaeology at Athens, and by a more or less

formal alliance between England and Greece? At any rate, why should not educated Englishmen—who, on the whole, number more Greek scholars among them, and owe more to Hellenic culture than any other European people—oftener supplement their literary interest in the Hellenes of the past by a study of the Hellenes of the present? No country in Europe is so delightful—for those who can rough it—to travel in; and even for those who cannot, Athens and a few other places have hotels, and the two Greek steamship companies have steamers, which ought to satisfy the requirements of all but the most exacting of travellers. Those who make any stay in the country and study this book are sure to return with an intensified interest in the Greek nation, and a conviction of the extreme impolicy—after doing so much as England has done to secure the gratitude of Greece—of neglecting her cause because of her financial straits. They will be the strongest advocates of our resumption of our old rôle of protector of the most self-helping of the smaller States of Europe. Indeed, we dare prophesy that but for the corrective influence the book supplies, most of them would become as ardent Panhellenists as M. Deliyannis himself.

#### ENGLISH JEWRIES.

THE JEWS OF ANGEVIN ENGLAND. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. (English History from Contemporary Writers.) London: D. Nutt.

THIS solid and learned little book is an attempt on the part of Mr. Jacobs, who is already recognised as a very high authority on Anglo-Jewish history, to make accessible some of the enormous mass of historical material illustrating the features of English Judaism during the Middle Ages. Not only the Hebrew community, but all interested in historical pursuits may well feel grateful for the careful way with which Mr. Jacobs has performed his task. Why the book should appear in Mr. York Powell's popular series of “English History from Contemporary Writers” is perhaps not quite clear, as even the most ardent advocate of sending the young student direct to the fountain-head of history can hardly expect school-boys, or even undergraduates, to work their way through a compilation whose boast it is that it contains every scrap of information concerning Jews in England up to the year 1206. The translation of the extracts from chronicles, rolls, and documents into English (and among these we recognise some spirited bits of verse-translation by Mr. I. Zangwill) is, however, one concession to the general reader. But Mr. Jacobs' learned notes, though full of instruction for scholars, will be, we fear, only too likely to give too many facts for very general consumption.

We all know how the Jews came over to England soon after the Norman Conquest, attracted by the great commercial development that resulted from the close connection of England and Normandy. Mr. Jacobs' documents enable us to see in detail what was the condition of the English Jewries during the eventful reign of Henry II. We see the Jews profiting by the Christian prohibition of usury to monopolise the whole banking and financial business of the country. Despite the large sums that the infidel usurers were forced to pay for the royal protection, they thrived exceedingly. And no wonder, when interest was at rates varying from 40 to 80 per cent., and when the whole money-lending fraternity was bound so closely together by race and tradition that there was no danger of too much competition. The result was a mediæval Rothschild like Aaron of Lincoln, whose debts and obligations were so extensive that the King, who laid violent hands on his property at his death, had to set up a “special branch of the Exchequer—the *Scaccarium Aaronis*—with two treasurers, and two clerks to look after them.” All this Mr. Jacobs shows us clearly and well. We also get a view of the risks and dangers, increasing as years went on, to which the Jewish community was exposed. The elaborate

machinery through which the Jews were governed, and through which the royal power over the King's special subjects was exercised, is also explained. The brighter sides of the picture are not omitted. The wealthy Jews built the first stone houses in which private men dwelt in England. Examples of these still survive at Lincoln and Bury St. Edmunds. There was something besides religious bigotry determining the dealings of Christian and Jew, and Mr. Jacobs gives us glimpses of Jews and Christians on excellent terms with each other. A Jew "financed" the Conquest of Ireland by Strongbow. Jewish capital made possible many of the great monastic buildings of the age. Nor were the Jews wholly absorbed in money-making. The interesting extracts of Hebrew records which Mr. Jacobs gives us, show how the Jews of Angevin England were in a sense the leaders of Hebrew intellect and letters throughout Western Europe. Some of Mr. Jacobs' identifications of English Jews with famous Hebrew scholars and writers, though brilliant, may be perhaps a little fanciful; but he seems to us to establish some parts of his position with very considerable probability. And even the Jews who were not great, showed in their care for their ceremonies and ordinances that higher ideals possessed them than those of the mere sordid money-maker, and that Abraham Ibn Ezra did not sound in altogether deaf ears the precept that man was created to fear and serve the Lord, and not for heaping up riches, nor for building houses, nor for enjoying the pleasures of the senses.

We have so much to be grateful for to Mr. Jacobs that we will not dwell too much on the trifling shortcomings of his book. It is, however, a pity that he did not take more trouble in correcting his proofs, so as to avoid the bad mis-spellings of many proper names. Moreover, his arrangement seems to us rather chaotic, and makes the book (which has no index) very difficult to consult. There are indications here and there that Mr. Jacobs' knowledge of general mediæval history requires a little strengthening, and he would do well to make himself better acquainted with mediæval Christian theology. He would then know that it is a loose way of writing to say that "the re-entrance of England into the fold of the Church" was the result of a visit of "Gallo Jewish slave-traders," that the Christian prohibition of usury rested on a broader basis than that which he assigns to it, and that the amusing story of Giraldus Cambrensis about the "barnacle geese" has nothing whatever to do with the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

#### THE LIMITS OF DARWINISM.

EVOLUTION AND MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE. By Henry Calderwood, F.R.S.E., Professor of Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh. London: Macmillan & Co.

PROFESSOR CALDERWOOD is a veteran, whose laurels, won forty years ago in the battle between Sir William Hamilton and Stuart Mill, are yet unfaded. He belongs to the "strong orthodox" school, as it would be called in Germany; and in this clearly written but somewhat dry and pedestrian volume he passes judgment on the scheme of development which has made famous the names of Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, and Romanes, to mention no others. A Scotch metaphysician of the old-fashioned type, dualist in his convictions, and firmly attached to his native form of Christianity, Professor Calderwood is, we may well believe, not an enthusiast for Darwinism, although willing to give it fair play. To its partisans he leaves the task of showing what it can do, content himself to insist upon those things which lie beyond its power and province. He writes the usual elegant and Latinised style which has long been a tradition with the professors of Edinburgh and Glasgow. An occasional epigram lights up his pages; and if he cannot be described as eloquent, he is much in earnest, accurate, painstaking, and at least as impartial as the enemy with whom he is grappling. To point out the limits of Darwinian

evolution certainly belongs to science, and even to metaphysical science. But the Professor would have done well had he kept for a separate volume the arguments, against Darwin's left wing, which in his concluding chapter he has drawn from the Christian religion, historically considered. We do not say it is faulty logic; but very good logic may mean very unseasonable tactics. And the limits of materialistic evolution can be defined without having recourse to a procedure which, in the eyes of the profane, will appear, though unjustly, to be the abandonment of science for sermonising.

But a clear gain there is, assuredly, in marking the precise results with which we must credit the struggle for existence, effect of environment, and survival of the fittest, among animals, as sustained by a view of the field which they cover. How few among the readers of Darwin and Huxley seem to apprehend that their proofs and their hypotheses do not touch the really great and human problems of the origin of life or of intellect? that the whole region of Darwinism occupies simply a middle ground between the beginning and the end of things? and that in it we assume, without one word of explanation, the presence of mind, feeling, life, and all that is therein implied? Even the masters do not gauge the depth of their own admissions. Darwin says expressly, "I have nothing to do with the origin of the mental powers, any more than I have with that of life itself." But the average Darwinian—for instance, Professor Haeckel—holds that nothing is simpler than to imagine life arising out of a dead world of matter by natural process. And Mr. Romanes devotes a large volume to the development of thought from mere feeling by means of language. If Darwinism were not supposed to explain how life came to be, nor to identify the human intellect with bestial sensations, nor to reduce conscience to measures of utility, there are thousands who would not look a second time in its direction. To such the value of biology consists in its seeming to make an end of the old metaphysics and of the religion which was founded thereupon. Has, then, biology wiped out the difference, whether of origin or of nature, between life and not-life, feeling and thought, animal instinct and the moral law? Professor Calderwood maintains that it has left things exactly where it found them. The mind of man, according to all the evidence, how carefully soever brought together and cunningly sifted, remains apart in a world of its own—the rational—which can never have been elicited from the lower realm of ants, apes, or monkeys. If man the animal was developed from one of these, man the thinker, endowed with a knowledge of himself, his Maker, and his duty, comes by a different descent, like lightning into the cloud, and between sense and intellect there runs only a parallel; identity between them is impossible.

The proofs relied upon are not new, but if they will stand in the presence of a scientific jury it is enough, and more than enough. Now, as Eimer says, evolution must proceed "according to the laws of organic growth," and how shall we explain laws without intelligence? In the conflict of blind forces how account for progress in one direction? Again, as there is no chemical theory which will analyse life into dead elements, nor get life from them, so feeling, though manipulated by the wisest, will not produce thought. Says Professor Calderwood, the nerves will no more explain intellect than the muscles; and all the idle talk about the brain secreting it has not advanced us one single step. Various functions of sense and imagination may be "localised" in the brain; but no "thought-centres" have rewarded the patient investigations of Ferrier and Hughlings Jackson. "Biology, rich in its possessions as to structure and function, is destitute of possessions concerned with the activities of intelligence." Evolution is a scheme of organism beginning with the cell. But organism will not cover, as it fails wholly to explain, the energy of the rational life in man. As a "constructed machine," the cell and its development bear

witness to a mind that rules it from first to last in the world of nature, even as self-conscious and self-directed thought in us governs the instincts, passions, and activities which belong to the organism. So that if, when we talk of "science," we mean biology, it must be laid down that "science" cannot explain "man." The attack on religion and metaphysics by the storming columns of Darwinism has ended in a *saute qui peut*. And here is the true significance of Agnosticism. It says, in so many words, that it cannot tell what may be on "the other side of the hill."

Yet, as Professor Calderwood goes on to argue, while there is a gulf between brain action and intellect that the mere biologist cannot bridge over, "every man lives consciously on the other side of the chasm—is always there, does all his work there, stores his knowledge there, gathers all the largest and most enduring results of his life there." And "all biologists are themselves living in this position." By what process, we may inquire, do they enter that world of reason and continue in it? Not by the growth of cells according to the abundance of food-supply only; that is clear from the Professor's argument and their own admissions, but by the touch and influence of a creative life to which the spirit is subject. When we have arrived at this conclusion the limits of Darwinism are manifest, and the need of some quite different method of research becomes clear. "The brain cannot do what the mind does; the mind cannot do what the brain does." That is, in form, a negative verdict, but one of the very highest importance. Professor Calderwood urges it home with unmistakable power in these chapters, which are founded on the most recent authorities. Will the biologists who would be truly scientific bear it in memory when discussing their own problems? Overthrow it they never can. We recognise, indeed, a ground which is common to biology and metaphysics; it is the intelligence without which neither could exist. But the widespread delusion that Charles Darwin has abolished God, conscience, and the moral law, by accounting for the origin of species, must be surrendered if we do not wish to be disloyal to facts and prejudiced in the teeth of evidence. The Professor's volume, which to some will be a rehearsing of thoughts with which they are familiar, should be to others a warning or a challenge. Let us hope that the challenge at all events will be taken up.

#### FICTION.

JUANITA. By J. Fogerty. In 3 Volumes. London: Ward & Downey.

THE REBEL QUEEN. By Walter Besant. In 3 Volumes. London: Chatto & Windus.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE "TEAL." By Leigh Ray. London: Digby, Long & Co.

"JUANITA" is a novel of a kind which is becoming sadly too rare in these days of psychological, metaphysical, and theological romance. Here we have the novel of incident and action, in which every character is clearly depicted, but no attempt is made to peer into the hidden depths of human souls—a novel in which there is plenty of background sketched for us with a firm and brilliant hand, and in which knowledge of the world, in the physical and literal sense, is widely displayed. The story opens on the west coast of Ireland, where the girl who gives her name to the book is found living in the house of her grandfather the Squire, who, by way of refreshing change, is not so impecunious as are most of the Irish squires of fiction. Her cousin, the old man's heir, labours under the disadvantage of being at once hopelessly in love with her and slightly deformed in person, whilst her aunt, who looks after the girl's upbringing, is a spinster of the most odious description, who does her best to mar her nephew's wooing by continually insisting that Juanita is morally, if not legally, bound to accept him. The setting of the

first scene in the story is, it will be seen, not altogether novel, nor is there any particular element of novelty in the first incident which breaks the monotony of Juanita's life. This is the appearance of a young English officer, in command of a gunboat engaged in the search for a notorious Dutch smuggler called Van Buren. Lieutenant Conder promptly falls in love with the beautiful heroine, which also is an incident of the conventional order; but from this moment Mr. Fogerty pursues his own way, and convention knows him no more until we hear the ringing of the marriage-bells as the curtain falls. Instead of the commonplace, we have exciting adventures by sea and land, a real smuggler who is at the same time a most admirable and philanthropic gentleman, a villain of the most hardened stamp, and pretty girls galore. Whether the action of the story is laid on the wild Irish coast or in the calmer waters of the Mediterranean, it is always full of life and interest, and no sense of improbability in the incidents recorded touches the reader; for Mr. Fogerty is quite clever enough to give his most daring episodes a genuine air of verisimilitude. So we are now sailing on board the smuggler's craft, and now watching beside the victim of a cruel abduction as he is held captive in a ruined Sicilian tower, or looking on at an engagement between his captors and the friends who have come to rescue him, without any sense of incongruity, even though the story is laid within the last twenty years. Mr. Fogerty, in short, has produced a most excellent and diverting novel of the good old sort, which can be confidently recommended to those readers who are tired of hypnotism, eroticism, and bad theology in fiction.

It would be impolite to advise the author of "The Rebel Queen" to take example from the author of "Juanita"; but, distinguished as Mr. Walter Besant undoubtedly is, he need not be above taking example from himself. There are certain books of his still dear to the memory, which we would not knowingly exchange for a full baker's dozen of such works as "The Rebel Queen." But the curse of the age has overtaken our delightful story-teller, and he cannot even give us a novel save one with a purpose. After reading "The Rebel Queen" we feel that we have been defrauded, as is the child who swallows the toothsome spoonful of jam only to discover that beneath it lurks the odious powder. "The Rebel Queen" is not a mere novel, it is a discourse, and a discourse which, alike in its weightiness and its length, recalls those that some of Cromwell's chaplains were wont to preach at services that lasted from sunrise to sunset. The judicious novel-reader who has acquired the art of skipping may, no doubt, take the jam and avoid the powder; but Mr. Besant is certainly not one of those to whom we willingly apply the skipping process. As a rule all that he writes is worth reading. How it happens to be otherwise in the case of "The Rebel Queen" is due to the fact that he has been inspired to write with a purpose. It is a world of modern Jews, strong-minded women, and crazy social reformers which Mr. Besant invites us to view. Alas! it is also a world of painfully familiar shadows. The hero of the book, Emmanuel Elveda by name, recalls faint memories of the late, though by no means lamented, Daniel Deronda. The crazy Socialist seems to have been taken pretty much as he stands out of a comparatively recent page in the history of the Scotch peerage; the Earl's son, an unmitigated cad, reawakens dear memories of the first perusal of "Ten Thousand a Year," and the fascinating qualities of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse. As for some of the Jews of second-rate importance who abound in the story, they strike us as being flat and lifeless portraits in comparison with those which fill the pages of "Children of the Ghetto." It is only in drawing his women that we see the better side of Mr. Besant in his latest story. His girls, to do him justice, are always delightful, and we might even swallow his sermons if he preached them by their lips. But

he has no mercy upon us, and we confess that human patience is hardly equal to the task of listening to innumerable discourses from Mr. Emmanuel Elveda and the Earl of Hayling, even although the latter, after serving as a common sailor, before the mast, has subsided into Socialism and a newspaper shop in Fleet Street. Of the moral purpose with which Mr. Besant armed himself when setting forth to write "The Rebel Queen," no one can speak with disrespect. His hero, Emmanuel, seeks to teach two lessons: the duty of obedience to a husband on the part of a wife, and the vanity of riches. These doctrines cannot precisely be described as new-fangled; but there is something unquestionably novel in the manner in which Mr. Besant seeks to impress them upon us. The pity of it is that he has not been courageous enough to give us his ideas in a natural and simple form, but has insisted upon imparting them to us under the outward guise of one of those romances which in former days we have received so gratefully from his hands.

Mr. Leigh Ray, in "The Last Cruise of the Teal," has exactly reversed the process adopted by Mr. Besant in "The Rebel Queen." For a hundred and twenty pages, or nearly half the length of the pleasant little volume, we are reading a minute and evidently veracious record of the cruising of a small yacht in the estuary of the Thames and along the Essex shore. The narrative is duly illustrated by Kodak photographs, and, if it is not particularly exhilarating or graphic, it has at least the merit of showing in all its humdrum details the unmistakable stamp of truth. But, about page one hundred and twenty-seven, the sober record of a coasting cruise comes, without a moment's warning, to an end, and we are plunged unawares into the midst of adventure as exciting as any imagined by Mr. Clark Russell, and even more wildly improbable. In Mr. Leigh Ray's case, in short, he gives us the jam disguised as plain medicine. And very good jam it is of the kind; though the reviewer cannot but wonder how the marvellous incidents of the second half of the book are tacked to the plain log of a river cruise which constitutes the first half. Our only fault with Mr. Ray is that he has been so extremely matter-of-fact, and so prosaically accurate in the earlier portion of his story, that the reader who follows him into his wondrous adventures on the shores of an unknown land, lying within easy sail of Harwich, is for a time bewildered by the change, and can hardly arrive at a satisfactory conception of the book as a whole. This is, however, but a trifling defect, and so long as one is content to regard "The Last Cruise of the Teal" as two single volumes rolled into one, the first being fact and the second fiction, there is nothing to interfere with the enjoyment of a work which is, in many respects, both novel and clever.

#### FOR CAPITALISTS ONLY.

THE HISTORY AND PRESENT STATE OF THE SHEEP-BREEDING INDUSTRY IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC. Buenos Ayres: Ravenscroft & Mills.

THE aim of this book is strictly practical, but it may be read with profit by others besides breeders of sheep in Argentina. Mr. Gibson comes of a Scotch family long engaged in that industry in the country, and discourses learnedly of cross-breeding, circular sheep-yards, improved sheep-dips (in which sheep are crowded on to a platform, and then "tipped" *en masse*, like ballast, into a pool—we wonder what emotions they experience), meat-freezing, wild dogs, railway rates, wages, and many other things useful to be known by intending settlers. As there are seventy-eight million sheep in Argentina to-day, and sixty million of them are in the province of Buenos Ayres alone, there is plenty of room for more; and the industry seems to be advancing with rapid strides, and to be conducted at present on the most modern and scientific lines. There are interesting descriptions of the country—an undulating prairie, with occasional marshes and lakes, usually covered with thick rich grasses (indeed, the impression left on our mind is that of a pancake with depressions instead of blisters)—and sketches of the history of the industry, which give curious side-lights on the history and manners of the Republic. The book is another

item in the account of the magnificent prospect before Argentina when she has purged her politics of corruption, or overborne the corrupt politicians by industrious immigrants, and found some means of settling political struggles, other than civil war. We must remark, however, that the book is for capitalists only—English labourers, as a recent Consular report reminds us, not generally doing well in Argentina. There are some serviceable maps, and some pictures of the author's rancho, meat-freezing establishments, shearing-sheds, and distinguished rams. None of these are pretty, owing to the process employed, but all are graphic. We have read the book with interest, and strongly recommend it to those who lack, as well as to those who have, faith in the future of Argentina.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

THE aim of Mr. Gibbins' monograph on "British Commerce and Colonies from Elizabeth to Victoria" is to present the chief outlines of our mercantile progress and Colonial growth in a simple and concise form, and to do so without the discussion of interesting but elaborate details, which are hardly necessary in what, after all, is an elementary treatise. The little book—it only extends to one hundred and thirty-six pages—attempts to cover a wide and difficult field, and Mr. Gibbins has only partially succeeded in overcoming the difficulties incident to such a task. Repetition ought to have been avoided, and these chapters occasionally leave a good deal to be desired in the direction of lucid and exact statement. Occasionally moreover, in the desire to compass brevity, explanatory passages, which seem to us essential in an elementary text-book, are omitted—a circumstance which is apt to dismay, if not to dishearten, young students. At the outset of the book stress is laid on the fact that the supremacy of Great Britain in matters of industry and commerce is an affair of comparatively recent growth. When Elizabeth ascended the throne England was outstripped in the industrial arts as well as in commercial enterprise by other nations of western Europe, and Spain in particular was mistress of the seas. We are reminded that when Elizabeth entered in 1579 into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Protestant States of Holland, who were throwing off the yoke of Spain, she practically declared war against that nation. In Elizabeth's subsequent attempt to break the Spanish monopoly in the East, the Queen was aided by gallant navigators and commanders like Sir Francis Drake, Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir John Hawkins, and last but not least, Sir Walter Raleigh. Mr. Gibbins thus sums up the mercantile system which was inaugurated under the great Tudor Queen:—

"In the days of Queen Elizabeth a new and vigorous departure was made, and a scheme of commercial policy was inaugurated which, though not new, was now carried out in a more systematic manner than at any previous time. The policy was that of the 'Mercantile System.' Its main object was the attainment of national wealth and power, and the means to that end were the obtaining of wealth in the form of bullion; the possession of a large amount of shipping generally, and of a good navy in particular; the promotion of agriculture and manufactures at home. To gain these ends we find that the export of bullion was, as far as possible, checked, if not actually forbidden, and attempts were made to procure a favourable 'balance of trade' for England in all her dealings with other countries; the English shipping industry was encouraged by a series of Navigation Acts (from those of Elizabeth to the more famous Acts of 1651 and 1660), while careful attention was also paid to the fisheries and to the supply of naval stores, with an ultimate view to the welfare of shipping; agriculture was protected by Corn Laws forbidding the import of foreign corn, but allowing, and even encouraging by bounties, its export, so that plenty of corn might be grown at home; whilst similar measures were also taken for the encouragement of home manufactures. For example, imports of foreign manufactures were forbidden, and Elizabeth insisted that all her subjects should wear English-made caps."

In the closing pages of the book attention is drawn to the often-forgotten fact that, with the exception of one or two provinces of India and Canada and a few of the West Indian Islands, the whole of our present colonial possessions have been acquired within the last hundred years. The revolt of the North American Colonies in 1873, it is rightly urged, marks the dividing point between our first Colonial Empire and our second, and the four chief lines of reconstruction and fresh development are to be found in the West Indies, Australia, Canada, and Africa. The volume has had the benefit of Professor Bastable's revision; but in spite of that advantage, we have detected at least one glaring error in the introductory chapter (page 4), where the Spanish are

\* BRITISH COMMERCE AND COLONIES FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA. By H. de B. Gibbins, M.A. (London: Methuen & Co.) Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

ELEMENTARY LESSONS WITH NUMERICAL EXAMPLES IN PRACTICAL MECHANICS AND MACHINE DESIGN. By Robert Gordon Blaine, C.E. With an Introduction by Professor John Perry, D.Sc., F.R.S. Illustrated. (London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited.) Crown 8vo.

GLIMPSES OF WELSH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Marie Trevelyan. (London: John Hogg.) 8vo.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY. Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. "English Topography"—Part IV. (London: Elliot Stock.) 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. Edited by E. R. Chambers, B.A. "The Warwick Shakespeare." (London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh: Blackie & Son, Limited.) 12mo. (1s.)

spoken of when the context shows clearly that the allusion is to the English nation.

The new edition of Mr. Blaine's "Elementary Lessons in Practical Mechanics" has been to a large extent re-written, and a good deal of additional matter has been introduced. Mr. Blaine's experience as a practical teacher is considerable, and his work at the Finsbury Technical College is well known both to science masters and students. The volume in its present revised form ought to prove widely useful, especially as Professor Perry, F.R.S., who contributes a brief introduction, is able to affirm not merely that the teaching power of Mr. Blaine's numerical examples has already been subjected to rigorous tests, but that "students who have gone through them have obtained a real working knowledge of the principles of Mechanics to Engineering and Machine Design, and that their knowledge is always ready for use." There is truth in the assertion that one great advantage of such a book is that each exercise it contains fixes firmly in the mind of the pupil the fact that a certain principle is of importance far beyond the temporary needs of the examination room. In other words, the appeal in this instance is not to those who wish a cheap and easy passage through the throes of examination, but rather to students who take an intelligent interest in their work, and are eager to master step by step the practical difficulties which of necessity must always lie in wait for the beginner.

A pleasant book—picturesque, and at the same time painstaking and well-informed—has reached us bearing the modest title of "Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character." It describes with a good deal of local colour and minute knowledge the customs and traditions of the Principality, its myths and folklore, and various aspects of the social life of the Welsh people in the past as well as in the present. A great deal of poetry and romance, as well as religious fervour and patriotic sentiment, lingers in Wales; and in the more sequestered parts of the country, where travellers and tourists are scarcely known, there is much that is simple, not to say idyllic, in the life of the peasantry. Curious wedding customs still prevail in Wales, especially in the western counties, and Miss Trevelyan describes a number of them, including marriage by capture, which she assures us is, "even in the present day, particularly popular in Cardiganshire." Altogether this is a lively and attractive study of Welsh society and its strange social survivals, and the fact that the wit of the old Welsh preachers is not forgotten adds a quaint flavour to the record.

The new volume of "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" is concerned with the topography of the counties of Durham, Essex, and Gloucestershire. Mr. Gomme practically admits that the back numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from 1731 to 1868, have little to say about Durham, therefore this county—rich as it is in archaeological interest—is dismissed in the present instance in a few pages. The difficulties of travelling were formidable, even in England, a century and a half ago, and Durham lay far from the "great centres of life;" and its squires, its parsons, and its scholars, when the postage fees of letters were considerable, left the magazine for the most part alone. Essex, of course, was in a different position, and there is much of singular and varied interest in these pages about that great Non-conformist county. Gloucestershire also lay on the beaten track, and the pages which are devoted to Bristol, Cheltenham, Tewkesbury, and the like, are rich in more than local charm. We congratulate Mr. Gomme on the progress he is making in his laborious task, and we thank him for the scholarly care and patient research which manifestly never fails him in its pursuit.

All students of Shakespeare are aware that the text of *Macbeth* in the first folio edition of 1623 presents many difficulties. There are many printers' errors, and, as Mr. Chambers points out in the new volume of the "Warwick Shakespeare," verse-passages are "printed as prose, or cut up into irregular lines without regard to metre." Whether or not Thomas Middleton, as many scholars think, made alterations in the text of *Macbeth*, it seems clear that this play—which was not given to the world until seven years after Shakespeare's death—was printed from a copy which had been "cut and written up for stage purposes." This theory, and there is a good deal to be said in its favour, Mr. Chambers thinks, explains the unusual shortness of the play, and it goes far also to account for the number of incomplete lines, which he urges "may very well be due to the excision of speeches, or parts of speeches." There is good reason for believing that *Macbeth* was written in 1606, for in *The Puritan*, which was published in 1607, there occurs an evident allusion to a scene in the tragedy. Simon Forman, the astrologer, kept a manuscript book in which he jotted down his playhouse impressions, and he records a performance on April 20, 1610, of *Macbeth* at the Globe Theatre. This volume, like its predecessor in the "Warwick Shakespeare," contains a literary history of the tragedy, a critical introduction, and concise but admirable illustrative notes, which grapple vigorously with the real difficulties of the text. In the closing pages of the book, Shakespeare's appeal on matters of history to Holinshed's "Chronicle of Scotland" is discussed, various doubtful passages in *Macbeth* are examined, and witchcraft in the Elizabethan age is made the subject of an interesting appendix.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- GLIMPSSES OF WELSH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Marie Trevelyan. (John Hogg.)
- HOURS IN MY GARDEN. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E. (John Hogg.)
- FOOTSTEPS TO FAME. By J. Hain Friarwell. New Edition. (John Hogg.)
- THE STORY OF HERBERT ARCHER. By Lady Charles Thynne and others. (John Hogg.)
- PHIL THORNDYKE'S ADVENTURES. By F. M. Wilbraham and others. (John Hogg.)
- THE INDUSTRIES OF ANIMALS. By Frédéric Houssay. "The Contemporary Science" Series. (Walter Scott, Limited.)
- CONTEMPORARY SCOTTISH VERSE. Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart. (Walter Scott, Limited.)
- PLAYS AND DRAMATIC ESSAYS. By Charles Lamb. With an Introduction by Rudolf Dircks. (Walter Scott, Limited.)
- DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS. Selected and compiled by the Rev. James Wood. (F. Warne & Co.)
- A STRANGE TEMPTATION. By Mrs. J. Kent Spender. Three Vols. (Hutchinson.)
- LONDON UNIVERSITY GUIDE FOR THE YEAR 1893-94. (W. B. Clive.)
- VOYAGES OF THE ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN TO AMERICA. Edited by Edward John Payne, M.A. Hawkins—Frobisher—Drake. Second Edition. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.)
- THE WANDERER. By the Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith). New Edition. (Longmans.)
- AMABEL. A Military Romance. By Cathal Macguire. Three Vols. (Unwin.)
- BIANCA. By Mrs. Bagot Harle. Two Vols. (Unwin.)
- THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH. By Greville Tregarthen. *The Story of the Nations*. (Unwin.)
- THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES P. BECKWORTH. Written from his own dictation. By T. D. Bonner. New Edition. (Unwin.)
- JEANIE O'BIGGERSDALE, AND OTHER YORKSHIRE STORIES. By Katherine Simpson. (Unwin.)
- MORE ABOUT NAMES. By Leopold Wagner. (Unwin.)
- THE PATRIOT PARLIAMENT OF 1689. By Thomas Davis. Edited by Sir C. Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. *The Irish Library*. (Unwin.)
- A DISCOURSE OF THE COMMON WEAL OF THIS REALM OF ENGLAND. First printed in 1581. Edited by Elizabeth Lamond. (Cambridge: The University Press.)
- WRECKERS AND METHODISTS, AND OTHER STORIES. By H. D. Lowry. (Heinemann.)
- NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS. By Frances E. Willard. Introduction by J. G. Whittier and Lady Henry Somerset. English Edition. (White Ribbon Publishing Co.)
- DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXVI. Malthus—Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
- HALF A HERO. By Anthony Hops. Two Vols. (Innes.)
- SEERS AND SINGERS. A Study of Five English Poets. By A. D. Innes. (Innes.)
- THE CHILDREN OF THE KING. By F. Marion Crawford. New Edition. (Macmillan.)
- A MERE CYTHER. By Mary A. Dickens. New Edition. (Macmillan.)
- STORIES OF NEW YORK. Stories from "Scribner." (Sampson Low.)
- STORIES OF THE RAILWAY. Stories from "Scribner." (Sampson Low.)
- STORIES OF THE SOUTH. Stories from "Scribner." (Sampson Low.)
- METHOD AND RESULTS. Essays by Thomas H. Huxley. (Macmillan.)
- DR. GREY'S PATIENT. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. Three Vols. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)
- THE ART OF PLUCK. By Scriblerus Redivivus (Edward Caswell). (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)
- A COMEDY OF MASKS. By Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. Three Vols. (Heinemann.)
- SOME SALIENT POINTS IN THE SCIENCE OF THE EARTH. By Sir J. W. Dawson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- ORIGINAL PLAYS AND DUOLOGUES. Chiefly humorous. By F. W. Moore. (Dean & Son.)
- POEMS. By A. C. Benson. (Mathews & Lane.)
- PASTORALS OF FRANCE: RENUNCIATIONS. By F. Wedmore. (Mathews & Lane.)
- THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN EMINENT POLITICIAN. By Edward Rod. Second Edition. (W. H. Allen.)
- AN AMERICAN MONTE CRISTO. By Julian Hawthorne. Second Edition. (W. H. Allen.)
- PAUL ROMER. By C. Y. Hargreaves. (A. & C. Black.)
- THE PROCESS OF ARGUMENT. A Contribution to Logic. By A. Sidgwick. (A. & C. Black.)
- KENILWORTH. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. "Waverley Novels." Dryburgh Edition. (A. & C. Black.)
- PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WERNER VON SIEMENS. Translated by W. C. Coupland. (Asher & Co.)

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1893.

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## THE WEEK.

### PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

A PROFOUND dulness reigns for the moment over the political scene. Evidently the politicians are putting all their heart into enjoyment of their brief holiday. Nevertheless, a gun is fired now and then to show that the battle is not dead, but sleepeth. Since Mr. Gladstone spoke in Edinburgh last week two attempts have been made by representatives of the Opposition to answer him: on Tuesday by Mr. Goschen at Edinburgh, on Wednesday by Lord Randolph Churchill at Stalybridge. Both the speeches are singularly feeble. Mr. Goschen, in the course of his remarks, spoke of the incapacity of Mr. Gladstone's mind to grasp the magnitude of the question with which he was dealing. There is a neat irony in this criticism under the circumstances. The reader who wades through the two orations of the week will realise that there are great questions before the country, and that there are, indeed, minds unable to rise to an adequate conception of them; but it will not occur to him that one of these minds is Mr. Gladstone's. What the *Times*, in a melancholy article, says of Lord Randolph Churchill's address may with equal truth be applied to both orations. They were not "dashing cavalry charges," and they were marked by an absence of the orators' earlier and more brilliant characteristics. The friendly apologist would imply that both speakers were suffering from depression induced by the general aspect of the situation; and perhaps this is the truth of the matter. The one point of any importance in Mr. Goschen's remarks, his hint as to the possibly intended action of the Lords in regard to the Registration Bill, we discuss elsewhere.

SIR MORTIMER DURAND arrived safely at Cabul on Wednesday. That fact alone, when we remember that he has passed through a country where British armies have been massacred, where British armies have passed in conquest, and where the hatred of our name has hitherto been a fanaticism amongst the wild tribesmen, is one of no small significance. It would seem to indicate both that Abdurrahman has made great progress in perfecting his authority over his turbulent subjects, and that popular Afghan feeling itself as regards the English is considerably better than it was. Whether this may be taken as a good omen for the success of the Mission it would, perhaps, be rash to conclude. There are several very thorny

and momentous questions to be discussed between our envoy and the Ameer, and hitherto this forceful and jealous Oriental, who finds himself in so strange a position between the two great European Powers in Asia, has shown himself a rather difficult person to deal with. However, the symptoms so far are all markedly favourable. Nothing could exceed the hospitality and attention which the Ameer, since the Mission entered the Khyber Pass, has bestowed upon our representative. It is quite possible Abdurrahman may have at length made up his mind that it is his best policy to throw in his lot definitely with the Power which, after all, is in most direct contact with his country, and which already pays him a handsome subsidy in ready money.

THE session of the Church Congress, on which we comment at length elsewhere, has manifested the strength of the desire which has grown up in the Church of England to live up to her responsibilities, to share actively in the solution of social problems, to come into touch with the masses and appeal to their support, which must surprise, though it will not disarm, many of her bitterest opponents. A curious example of the way in which this advance is likely to be met is afforded by the reported resolution of Mr. Tom Mann to become a candidate for deacon's orders and engage in active parochial work. Mr. Mann does not deny that he contemplates this step, though he has not finally decided on it. He sees the advantage of working from within a great organisation, and hopes that the Church may be stripped of its plutocratic character, which has been impressed upon it by its history. His project is another instance of the religious, if not the theological, spirit which we have often commented on as marking the English Labour Movement in contrast to its parallels abroad. Strike meetings often begin with prayer: Mr. Keir Hardie, we believe, is the chief preacher in a semi-religious "Labour Church"; some of the most conspicuous of the other leaders have been local preachers, and may have been, and are, on the best of terms with the Church of England. As we note elsewhere, the old traditions of the Church are still an obstacle; but Mr. Mann has shown that they are not a fatal one.

THE negotiations between miners and coalowners have, unfortunately, again come to a stand—or rather, have failed to begin. The Chesterfield conference of miners last week agreed to approach the masters with a view to returning to work at the old

rates. On Tuesday, however, the coalowners' representatives declined to reopen their pits except at a reduction of wage; and so there is a deadlock—modified only by numerous departures from this rule on the part of individual coalowners, which, however, have not produced much effect so far either on prices or on the terrible distress now prevalent in the districts affected. The relief funds, now chiefly devoted to feeding the children, are quite inadequate, and the response to the appeals made by their promoters is in marked contrast to the feeling during the dockers' strike in 1889.

INFORMATION meanwhile is coming in, which ought to have been provided two months ago, as to the actual weekly earnings of the men. Mr. Tom Mann, in Thursday's *Chronicle*, contends that the time worked is much shorter, and the wage actually earned much lower, than the coalowners' representatives admit; and evidence is produced both by him and independently that the deductions from wages have risen, or (what comes to practically the same thing in the end) the abolition of certain allowances made to colliers has increased, ever since the upward movement began in 1888. The trade, too, as Mr. Mann admits, is constantly being overcrowded in consequence of the agricultural depression. A lower wage, with more employment—the remedy advocated by some of the coalowners—would also mean an increase of output and lower prices still. At any rate, the spirit shown by the miners—and notably by their wives—is the best proof of their conviction of the justice of their case. Something, but not much, is hoped for from the meeting of Mayors of the great towns most affected at Sheffield on Monday next. But until the disputants have found some common ground the end will not be in sight—unless the continuous rise of prices detaches more coalowners from the Federation and removes any excuse for the reduction. Even then the settlement cannot be permanent while the trade remains so overstocked with labour as Mr. Tom Mann admits it to be.

THE names of the three Commissioners appointed to inquire into the disturbances and loss of life at Featherstone colliery were announced this week. Mr. Asquith is to be congratulated upon the admirable choice he has made: it is quite an ideal Commission for its purpose. The President is Lord Bowen, a judge of absolute impartiality and one of the most eminent on the bench. He has for colleagues, on the one hand, Sir Albert Rollit, a business man, President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and a Tory who is distinguished for his philanthropic spirit and his knowledge of the working classes; and on the other, Mr. Haldane, Q.C., a lawyer of high standing, a strong Radical, and a man of firm and impartial character. The Government in granting this inquiry have done much to strengthen the confidence of the people in the administration of the law. The names of the Commissioners are a guarantee that the full truth will be got at; and whatever be the tenour of their report, it will command unquestioning respect.

WITH the prospect of a cholera visitation, or at least a cholera scare, before us next summer, there ought to be plenty of sanitary work to do, if only there is money to pay for it. This apparently is the view taken by the Local Government Board, which (partly, we gather, at the instigation of Mr. John Burns) has issued an important circular to local bodies, pointing out that such work to a great extent is open to all kinds of labour, while it will neither disturb the labour market nor make it difficult for those who take it up to

resume their trades when times improve. Home colonies, on the other hand, are again being advocated by the Salvation Army and others—rather, however, as a permanent refuge for the unemployed than as a means of meeting the present distress. In the *Sun* this week Mr. Burns has vigorously attacked them, as being too little comprehensive, as involving too strict a discipline for the honest unemployed, and as economic failures with the other kind. Mr. Burns' own remedies are the reduction of overtime—pending its legal stoppage by an Eight Hours Act—and an arrangement by municipal bodies to undertake their own works by a permanent staff, as the London County Council has done. But the coal strike, the Home Colonies movement, and these suggestions alike suggest the question—What is to be done with an industrial organisation in which there is not enough work to go round?

As the time approaches for the naval demonstrations and counter-demonstrations in the Mediterranean, they seem likely—fortunately for Europe—to decrease in importance and significance. Toulon, it is true, is likely to be so full that the ordinary hotel accommodation is to be supplemented by at least one ocean steamer for the use of excursionists from Paris; but a certain amount of cold water is being thrown on the more eccentric manifestations of enthusiasm. A strong feeling, too, is visible among the French Socialists against voting any money for municipal celebrations of the alliance with a Power which annually sends so many of their brethren to Siberia. M. Millerand again has been doing his best to reconcile the aspirations of Socialism with the patriotism which is, we suppose, to be regarded as a necessary evil of an unmoralised world. In a speech which occasionally suggests the oratorical apostrophe in the old story, "Isn't one man as good as another? Yes, and a deal better, too," he has pointed out that the Franco-Russian alliance is after all not a subject for sentiment: that it is a necessity based on mutual interest, a contract of mutual assurance in which the parties are on equal terms; and that Russian support has after all been paid for by the four milliards of French gold which have gone in Russian loans. Apart from this, both the French and Russian Governments appear to have omitted no precaution to prevent any awkward ebullition and to emphasise the pacific character of the demonstration.

IT is from our point of view still more satisfactory to record that the "counter-demonstration," which the Italian Government showed some desire to manufacture out of a chance routine visit of an English squadron to an out-of-the-way Italian port, has been successfully knocked on the head. The Italian squadron will probably not meet ours at Taranto, nor will an Austrian squadron appear on the scene. The Austrian squadron may, indeed, visit Genoa, but it will give Taranto a wide berth. Cholera on board a man-of-war is given as the excuse for the Italian fleet denying itself the pleasure of a demonstration. If this be the cause, cholera has been of some use for once; but the far more wholesome and important explanation is that our own Government, seeing the interpretation that was sought to be put upon the matter, has taken steps to make it clear that if our fleet is to make its call at Taranto it must do so under circumstances which can give rise to no misunderstanding. The visit is one of the merest routine of international courtesy, made by our Mediterranean squadron in the course of its rounds, in the same spirit as Admiral Gervais with the French Channel Squadron visited Portsmouth, or as our fleet has often visited Marseilles. It is totally without political significance; and we might remind those who have been uneasy about it, that if an English Liberal Government lost its head so far as to desire to join in a demonstration with the Triple

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Alliance, it is not a place like Taranto, but a place like Naples or Genoa, which would be selected for the purpose. Taranto is a little obscure port in the heel of the peninsula, interesting only to antiquarians because it is the site of the ancient Tarentum. As well think of getting up an Anglo-Russian demonstration by visiting Archangel.

AT the same time the fuss that has been made on the Continent over the matter was not unnatural. As we pointed out a couple of weeks ago, the visit times in the most awkward way with the Toulon demonstration. It was sure in any case to cause suspicion; and the Powers of the Triple Alliance, with what English observers will note as ominous precipitation, hastened to make what capital they could out of the affair. King Humbert was urged by the German Emperor to visit Taranto, and the Austrian fleet was recommended to join the Italian in fraternising with ours. One wonders what sort of notion Italian statesmen who favoured these schemes must have had of the Government whose Premier is that "Outidanos" who exposed, as no one else has done, the childish and disastrous folly of Italy's present foreign policy. It would have been better had the visit been postponed till a more seasonable time; but it was probably some permanent official at the Admiralty who has had the arrangement of what might very easily have led to most serious international misunderstandings. The whole incident is another illustration of that imperfect control of its foreign policy by the nation at large which we refer to elsewhere to-day.

M. LE MYRE DE VILERS completed his task at Bangkok on Sunday, when on behalf of his Government he affixed his signature to the Treaty to which Siam has at length agreed. The terms of this bargain are hard upon the weaker Power—indeed, they practically amount to the concession of all that France originally demanded. Some of them, such as the stipulations relating to the districts of Siem-Reap and Angkor, seem devised with the *arrière pensée* of leaving a door open for the future development of that Colonial policy which M. de Lanessan has so often warmly advocated. But as they stand, while they suggest vigilance, they offer no ground for interference on our part. The integrity of Siam can be described as being respected by them, and of course they do not touch upon the question of the buffer State between our possessions and those of France in the upper reaches of the Mekong. That question remains to be settled between us and France as yet, and as the French Government profess to be as strongly convinced of the value of a buffer State as ours is, there is every reason to expect that the negotiation will present no difficulty.

THE German Emperor and his Government seem likely to score another point in the contest over the new military scheme. The ingenuity of Herr Miquel has produced a complicated plan for the progressive taxation of tobacco, designed apparently to meet all the objections which have been urged from all quarters, in the interest of the growers, the manufacturers, and the poorer consumers of the weed. There is to be an elaborate system of taxation *ad valorem*, sparing to a great extent the lower qualities, which are a staple product of South German agriculture, and sparing also those kinds of manufactured tobacco in the preparation of which hand-labour is most employed. The burden of the increase is to fall on the wealthier consumers; and (if the system is only workable at all) it is expected to produce an increased revenue of some two millions sterling per annum. Similar principles are to be applied to wine. A

Liberal organ complains that the plan will in any case involve a great deal of Government inspection. How the trades affected, the Catholic Centre—whose interests are bound up with those of the growers—the Socialists, and the Liberals, will take it remains to be seen. The latter party, unfortunately, are more divided than ever. The seceders have proposed a reunion of forces in view of the Prussian general election; but as the proposal has been accompanied by a series of bitter attacks in their organs on the main body of the party, the project is not likely to succeed.

THE General Election in Sweden, too, is substantially a check to advanced Liberalism. The "People's Parliament"—the volunteer Convention elected last winter to promote the introduction of universal suffrage—and the success of the Socialist candidates for seats in it have, presumably, frightened the limited electorate (amounting only to about a fourth of the adult male population), and in the great towns the supporters of a wide extension of the franchise lost heavily, even though they had modified their programme in that respect during the elections. Socialist candidates stood, but in only two instances did they gain an appreciable number of votes. Possibly, too, the present quarrel with democratic Norway had something to do with the results. Primarily, the election results in a slight modification of the Protectionism hitherto dominant.

THE tunnel under the Simplon Pass which has been projected for quite seventeen years seems likely at last to be at least begun. The original plan, we believe, was for a tunnel eleven and a half English miles in length, from Brieg to Iselle. The cost naturally acted as a deterrent, and quite recently a railway was proposed on the rack-and-pinion system with but one principal tunnel less than half that length. This, however, was unfavourably received, and a line from Brieg to Airolo (at the southern mouth of the St. Gothard tunnel) suggested instead, which would have opened up most interesting country and have been of real service to tourists. However, it is now announced that a single-line tunnel of twelve miles in length (with provision for duplication hereafter) is to be undertaken by a Swiss syndicate of engineers, and will be completed early in 1899 at a cost of fifty-four and a half millions of francs. Italy is not to be asked for any subvention.

THE value of the project is more than doubtful. The districts immediately connected are, commercially, of singular unimportance. The tunnel will divert little or none of the through traffic, which now goes over the Mont Cénis or the St. Gothard lines. Its only real significance will be in the event of war. Much has been said in Italy as to the impossibility of the maintenance hereafter of Swiss neutrality and the probability of the inroad, *via* Chamouni and the Tête Noire, of a French army *en route* for the Simplon. The narrowest part of the lower Rhône Valley has been strongly fortified by the Swiss Government in view of such a contingency. With the Simplon tunnelled, not only will this danger be increased enormously, but Italy will be tempted, when war is threatened, to meet France in the Valais. Gambetta, indeed, always desired that France should have a share in the enterprise, and so secure control. Why should Swiss capitalists be allowed to waste their money in a tunnel which will be blown up by their Government on the outbreak of war, and produce a liability to scares, far more than the Channel Tunnel, in time of peace?

WE publish elsewhere a statement of the claims of the Czech nationality—claims which have not hitherto received fair consideration among observers

in Western Europe. Just at present it cannot be said that their more ardent supporters have much reason for hope. But there are signs of a compromise. Count Taaffe is doing his best to restore the Old Czech party, and play it off against the Young Czechs who, not long ago, forced their less advanced countrymen out of public life. The Socialists, meanwhile, are strongly supporting the efforts of the Young Czechs, in view of the possibility of "the minor state of siege" in Vienna and other large towns, directed especially against their own propaganda. The Young Czech deputies, meanwhile, have devised a novel mode of obstruction. They propose to address the Reichsrath frequently, and at considerable length, not merely in Czech, but in other Slavonic tongues, all of which the President cannot reasonably be expected to understand. Mr. Biggar's famous excerpts from Blue-books were not half so effective as this. It is hardly surprising that it should be in contemplation to confine all speakers in that body in future to the German language. But that will be a blow to the other nationalities of the Empire, one of which—the Italian-speaking population of Transalpine Tyrol—has just taken occasion, on the Emperor's visit to Innsbrück, to lay before him (with scant prospect of success) the request for provincial autonomy which was formulated two years ago.

THE capitulation of Rosario and the arrest of the insurgent leader Dr. Alem have temporarily ended the civil war in Argentina—to the temporary advantage, no doubt, of the foreign bondholders, but to the lasting danger of the country. Not only is the corrupt régime which the revolution of 1890 suppressed in the Federal Government maintained in the governments of the provinces, but the prominent part taken by foreign colonists in the rising must permanently embitter the feeling between the immigrants and the native inhabitants. Still the country is quiet, while in Brazil, on the contrary, matters are worse than ever. Rio has been saved from destruction so far by the interference of the foreign admirals; but the fact that preparations have been made in the city to reply to the fire of the insurgent vessels has complicated matters, and the bombardment has seemingly been resumed. Paraná has joined Admiral de Mello, and Rio Grande do Sul will probably follow suit. President Peixoto will hold out to the last; and there is little prospect either of the speedy restoration of peace or of the maintenance of the Union against those disruptive tendencies which are probably stronger in Brazil than anywhere else in South America.

#### LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

"THE ART OF PLUCK," a comprehensive and once well-known treatise on the best methods of failing to pass examinations at Oxford sixty years ago, has just been reprinted by Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Foster, and affords an interesting satirical picture of undergraduate life when the university as a whole was faster, idler, more uproarious, far less coloured by æstheticism, intellect, or earnestness, and altogether very much less like a modern public school than it is at present. It is curious to read of a time when football and athletics were unknown, when archery was popular, and the only exercise, apart from the constitutional, for those who could not hunt was a little rowing and less cricket; when the only Schools were "Little Go and Great Go"; when "Science" meant a little scholastic Logic and Aristotelian ethics; and when men were "plucked" instead of being "ploughed." The book is extremely amusing, the burlesque Examination Papers not least so; but a change of tone and method may be traced even in these, and the "Echoes from Oxford," by "Q" and other former contributors from the *Oxford Magazine* have done better in the way of parody.

A VERY interesting account of the earthquake that occurred towards the latter part of last year in Baluchistan is now at hand, in which are described the actual appearances of the ground after the occurrence. At Sanzal, which is the first station on the western side of the Kojak tunnel, the vibration seems to have had disastrous effects, necessitating much rebuilding. On the railway line lower down there seems to have been a shearing action on the surface of the ground which distorted the metals very considerably. An examination of the line of fissure showed that on both sides of the railway it could be traced for several miles, and on the Khwāja Amran range side for a distance of eighteen miles. The railway tunnel, Kojak, fortunately escaped serious damage. Between Sanzal station and Old Charman, Mr. Griesbach, one of the superintendents of the survey, says that the real interest of the earthquake lies, since he thinks that its origin can be traced from a further, though slight, dislocation along the line, which coincides with the path that runs from the Khwāja Amran peak in a north-north-easterly direction, connecting numerous springs on its way. That no volcanic activity at all occurred seems now quite settled, and it is, moreover, stated that the process of contracting and folding of this area, with resultant dislocations, is still proceeding, so that we may again hear of a similar occurrence.

#### OBITUARY.

SIR STEVENSON ARTHUR BLACKWOOD had been attached to the commissariat department during the Crimean War, and had been well known for many years, both as the Secretary to the Post Office—in which position he took a warm interest in the welfare of the humbler of the employés—and as a prominent member of the Evangelical school of thought in the Church of England. Lady Eastlake had written valuable works on the history of art, and also, long ago, an amusing volume of personal experiences in those Baltic provinces of which the individualities are now being wiped out by the centralising hand of Russia. The Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL.D., was a well-known Unitarian minister of Birmingham, a learned geologist, and a founder of the National Education League. The Rev. F. Simcox Lea, Prebendary of Hereford, was best known as the historian of St. Katharine's Hospital, that ancient institution which, instead of ministering to the spiritual needs of East London, now provides old-age pensions in the Regent's Park. He was also a frequent correspondent of the *Guardian*. Mrs. Alexander Ireland was the friend and biographer of Mrs. Carlyle. Mr. David James was the creator of the leading part in the most popular comedy of the present generation, and has been described as in some ways the most remarkable burlesque actor since Robson.

#### THE NEXT STEP OF THE LORDS.

THERE is just one passage in Mr. Goschen's speech at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, from which a ray of light—confused and uncertain it is, but still a ray of light—may be obtained. It is a hint of the probable policy of the House of Lords with regard to the Registration Bill. That measure is, no doubt, the most formidable of those which the Tory election managers dread. With it passed into law, and with the villager set free from the domination of squire and parson by a Parish Councils Act, these gentlemen know that the future is in the hands of the democratic forces. Consequently it is natural that they should look to their good friends the Lords; and, according to Mr.

The afternoon express from St. Pancras to Glasgow now leaves at 2.10 p.m., and refreshments are served en route.

Goschen, the Lords are thinking of coming to their assistance. Here is the oracular passage:—

"It might be possible that such a Bill as the Registration Bill, for instance, might be introduced with many good provisions that Unionists and Separatists might alike wish to see carried; but it might be accompanied by other provisions and without that redistribution of seats which possibly—especially looking to the over-representation of Ireland—ought to be part and parcel of any general Bill. Well, if, as I think, it is perfectly possible that, under cover of the Registration Bill, any large measure should be introduced, it would be necessary to think how the large measure must be enlarged itself before it would commend itself to the impartial view of the public in general."

The meaning of this passage, if it mean anything more than a rhetorical flourish, is that the Lords intend to oppose the Registration Bill. They will proceed on what Mr. Parnell would call an oblique plan of attack. They will throw out the Registration Bill, not because it is a Registration Bill, but because it is not something else. They will find a pretext which will not be a direct one; they will talk of redistribution of seats, of reducing the Irish representation, of whatever seems plausible; but the main thing is they will throw out the Bill. They will follow up their action on the Home Rule Bill by refusing to let the representative Chamber determine how its own members are to be elected, or how its own constituents are to be secured in the exercise of the franchise already granted to them by law. We can only repeat what we have already said more than once, that if the Lords are bent on such a course as this, Radicals have no reason to complain. The Lords have not yet developed their policy with regard to the other measures which are to be sent up to them. It is quite possible that they are nerving themselves to make a stand all along the line, and that they mean to reject every measure which touches either the influence or the pockets of the classes which they represent. They feel that the crisis is approaching when their privileges and even the existence of their House will be at stake, and they may possibly elect to fight it out on this line while there is still an unsettled Irish question to act as a dam between them and the tide of democratic reform. We do not know; but we can only say that if this should prove to be the case the enemies of our hereditary legislators may well exclaim, "The Lord has delivered them into our hands."

Some Unionist critics, prominent amongst them our contemporary the *Spectator*, have been doubting the sincerity of Radical feeling in this country regarding the obstructiveness of the House of Lords. Mr. Goschen doubts it because the church bells have not yet been muffled, nor have monster meetings begun to be held—as to which we would only reply by recommending him to wait a little. The *Spectator* thinks that if Radicals are sincere they do not understand politics, because any reform of the House of Lords would only have the effect of strengthening it, and the total abolition of the House of Lords is not to be expected without a great deal too much difficulty. We would quite agree with this criticism if the reforms which intelligent Radicals have in their minds were anything like those which have sometimes been put forward by intelligent peers anxious to save their body from its impending fate. The one class of reform which thinking Liberals dream of for the House of Lords is the abolition of every power or privilege which it uses to defeat the national will, or the abolition of the Assembly itself if the national will is not to be rendered efficacious otherwise. The *Spectator* will be glad to remember, as Mr. Rowntree reminds us in a letter which we publish to-day, that in this the views of modern Liberals are in harmony with some old ideas of its own. We are too

sensible of the advantages of a feeble and discredited Second Chamber to wish anything save a still feebler one or no Second Chamber at all in its place. We have no intention of transforming the House of Lords into an American Senate. The steps we think of must all, like that which deprived it of its control of the finances in 1861, or like that of which Lord Herschell and the *Spectator* have spoken, go in the direction of crippling its powers and helping its euthanasia. This country has been willing to let the House of Lords exist as a pompous phantom so long as it manifested, at the pressure of the popular will, the phantom's qualities of yielding and disappearance. The genius of the British nation has ever been tolerant of antiquated things, so long as they did no serious harm, but ruthless and unhesitating is its hand when the antiquated thing insists on becoming a nuisance or a danger. The Beef-eaters, with their lanterns and halberds, still search the vaults of Parliament for Guy Fawkes' gunpowder at the opening of every Session. Nobody interferes with them. Like ghosts they move through the very modern premises, amongst the electric light dynamos and the ventilating machinery, discharging their quaint and innocuous function. An irreverent charwoman may laugh, a sightseer from the country who chances upon the procession may look on with awe, but nobody thinks of telling it to go away. Even so may the House of Lords, if it cares, continue a shadowy existence amongst the machinery of our adaptable constitution—machinery reformed to meet the requirements of a modern democratic State. It may bow, and wear three-cornered hats, and say "la Reine le veult," and closure Lord Denham by gracefully vanishing from the scene when he begins to speak. We shall not object to this existence, if it is content with this existence itself; but every power which now enables it to thwart the national will must first be withdrawn from it. If it is not content to fill this harmless but decorative rôle, then, much as it will hurt our antiquarian sense, and much as our upper middle classes will regret it, we must declare for the total removal of the venerable nuisance.

#### OUR NEW SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

IN all probability we are in for another war in South Africa. Either Mr. Rhodes has been unable to arrive in time to restrain Dr. Jameson, or Dr. Jameson and his settlers, with a disregard for that self-control which the *Times* has been endeavouring to urge upon them, have elected to force the situation, or the Matabele have really become "actively hostile": it is all problematical as yet, but the fact remains that Dr. Jameson, apparently with the full privy of Sir Henry Loch, has "decided to assume the offensive." An impi of Matabele is said to have appeared to the north-east of Fort Victoria, and to have fired on a party of the Company's police who were scouting in the neighbourhood. Nobody was hit, and the impi was so distant, seemingly, that it is only by its spoor, or trail, that a guess can be made as to its strength. But this has been deemed a hostile act, and Dr. Jameson has now, we are informed—being authorised by the High Commissioner to take what steps he deems necessary for protection—determined to despatch two columns against the Matabele, one from Fort Victoria and one from Fort Chester. Any moment, therefore, we may hear of a bloody battle. Before considering other aspects of this question, let it be said at once that, whether subsequent evidence proves this aggressive expedition to have been wise and justifiable or not, should it end unsuccessfully so that Imperial aid becomes necessary for the rescue of British lives, that aid, of course,

must be rendered, and the more promptly and efficiently it is rendered the better from every point of view. It is important to have this quite clear. The Chartered Company is in such a position—it is the vice of Chartered Companies—that no matter what precautions we may take through Colonial Ministers or High Commissioners, it is capable of compromising the responsibilities of the British flag. The warning against reliance on Imperial aid which has been repeatedly given to the Company both by Lord Knutsford and Lord Ripon has no doubt been useful to some extent as a moderating influence; but, as we have pointed out more than once, a situation may be created in which that particular form of threat could not be made good. Leaving the question of Bechuanaland aside, we could not, for instance, stand by and see British settlers calling for help against a savage foe with whom they had failed to cope and by whom they were threatened with annihilation. Should it come to that unfortunate pass in spite of Mr. Rhodes' and Dr. Jameson's assurances, the Government cannot hesitate—and, we trust, will not hesitate—to go to the rescue. But we have already stated the conditions on which alone the British taxpayer can consent to pay for troops to fight the battles of the British South Africa Company. If, contrary to the terms of the contract under which the Company holds its charter, we are required to enter Mashonaland with the forces of the Crown, we must do so in the full and undivided exercise of our Imperial authority, and with absolute discretion to dispose of the British South Africa Company and its forfeited charter as we shall see fit.

This is the first consideration it is important to have understood; for we are convinced that the understanding of it is the only effective means by which the Chartered Company can be induced to try every resort before embarking on what may prove a most difficult, expensive, and sanguinary war. Imperial aid possibly may not be required after all. That is, of course, what the Company assure us, and what sanguine people are hoping for. Mr. Rhodes has told Sir Henry Loch that he "wants nothing and asks for nothing." Dr. Jameson has again and again "reminded" the High Commissioner that he is quite capable of wiping out Lobengula at any moment if he is only let at him. These confident declarations will now, perhaps, be put to the test; but we may remind apologists for the Company that at the time Dr. Jameson first began to make them, the force at his command was so inadequate as to be palpably intended as an excuse for obtaining Imperial help. Sir Henry Loch made Dr. Jameson understand that he appreciated this; and it is only the delay that has since ensued which has enabled the Company to muster in their four forts something like a respectable garrison, and to secure (as it is now said) the assistance of a thousand armed Boers as fighting men and potential colonists. With this army, the Company may now, if it decides to try conclusions, be fully equal to the task of scattering Lobengula's impis; and it may, before the rains, succeed in hoisting its flag in triumph above the royal kraal at Gubuluwayo. We share ourselves the scepticism of the High Commissioner as to its ability for performing this feat. But the possibility is there, the Company loudly asserts its prowess, and if, without calling in Imperial aid, it succeeds in the job, there is no doubt the problem will be considerably simplified.

There will then remain only the question of the ethics of the proceeding, and the manner in which the public opinion of this country will view the action of the Company in carrying out this invasion.

The cooler friends of the Company at home seem to have as many misgivings as anybody else as to the prudence and the resources of the statesmen at Fort Salisbury, and look upon it as extremely important to give some measure of regard to the scruples of the British public. The *Times* has already given great umbrage at Capetown by its counsels of moderation. But the *Times* is a friend of the Company, and the gentlemen in South Africa—which is at least not so close to the weather-gauge of Imperial opinion as is Printing House Square—will do well to give heed to its anxious remarks. "In the case of the Matabele raids," says the *Times*, "retaliatory measures on the part of the Company would probably raise a storm in this country, unless adequate proof were forthcoming that Lobengula's tribesmen had been manifestly in the wrong, and unless, also, the Company had made such preparations for a resort to force as to avoid the necessity for calling upon the Imperial Government to retrieve a defeat. It is important that public opinion in this country should understand the position of the Mashonaland settlers and place itself in sympathy with their measures. Otherwise, a reaction against a 'little war' which could with any plausibility be described as aggressive might set in, and, as happened before, might put back the clock in South Africa for many a day." All this is very sound. As the case stands now, we may point out that none of the three conditions which the *Times* advises as necessary for securing the approval of home opinion has as yet been fulfilled. Adequate proof is not yet forthcoming that Lobengula's tribesmen have been manifestly in the wrong; it is not yet clear that the Company has made such preparations for a resort to force as to avoid the necessity for calling upon the Imperial Government to retrieve a defeat, nor is it certain that the little war may not with some plausibility be described as aggressive. If the alleged shooting at Captain White's police did take place, it is only a few weeks ago that Captain Lendy sallied forth into the Matabele country and killed thirty tribesmen, this being in addition to his previous performance with the Maxim gun on N'Gomo's kraal. The evidence so far shows quite as much provocation on one side as the other, and Mr. Rhodes must understand that he has not yet established a claim upon our sympathy in the quarrel on which he has entered with his old friend and pensioner.

#### DEMOCRACY AND FOREIGN POLICY.

AMONGST the numerous impressions which M. Zola has received from his visit to England, nothing appears to have struck him more than the fact that there did not exist any natural animosity towards the French amongst those English whom he met. He found, in fact, a contrary feeling. "The Frenchman is more liked in England," he says, "than the Englishman in France." He calls this "an important phenomenon," and seems impressed with a certain solemnity in its significance. "I am quite positive that you like us," he says, "and I shall give the widest publicity to the fact. May it be productive of some good in our future mutual relations." Again, to another interviewer: "At the Authors' Dinner Mr. Oswald Crawford spoke of France being nearest to English shores and nearest to English hearts. For my part, speaking as a Frenchman, of England, I long for a cordial understanding between both countries, and an end to all unpleasant friction." Since his return to Paris—where, as it happens, the Boulevard sheets are talking of an Anglo-Anarchist plot to spoil the Russian fêtes—this most popular of French authors,

with all the authority of his name, has lost no time in spreading these opinions.

All this is extremely interesting, especially at a moment when excursions and alarms in the Mediterranean are forcing into sharp prominence again the question of the attitude of England as between the rival Continental alliances. Even a sluggish imagination might be piqued by the prospect of a sober-sided man of letters—one who is no politician, no Thiers or Guizot, but who has tested popular opinion in one country, and who wields a certain influence on popular opinion in another—arising amid the manœuvres of fleets and the glitter of armies, and undertaking to remove international misunderstandings. And why not? the poetic and the democratic imagination will ask. It is a noble prospect, with its face turned straight towards that day dreamed of by our late Laureate (in his democratic period)—

“When the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags are furl’d,  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”

This flattering desirability of the prospect makes a pathetic contrast with the rather cynical facts of the case, a contrast which, to a democrat who appreciates these facts, is peculiarly trying. For, admitting for a moment that all M. Zola says about English feeling is true, and admitting that the bulk of French people are capable of being influenced towards us as he has been by this short acquaintance, the melancholy fact is, so imperfect as yet is the control of democracy upon foreign policy, that this mutual feeling would lead to no right *entente* between the nations if it suited a small class in either country to prevent it. The people whom M. Zola met during his visit were, in the main, representative of middle-class and democratic sentiment. Had he gone into another social region, had he gone into certain military clubs and great people’s houses, he would have encountered—not so much a different sentiment, for sentiment counts but for little in the matter, as a positive policy which would have given him a less roseate conception of the possibility of influencing these international relations. Had he gone still higher, into the atmosphere of the Court, he would have found that there, indeed, a sentiment as well as a policy did exist, a sentiment resulting from family ties and dynastic considerations and feelings of caste; but that it was the distinct opposite of the sentiment the vivid appreciation of which he has carried away with him. It is the spirit of these high-placed but restricted circles, and not the spirit of the mass, which generally determines our foreign relationships for us; even—strange and disconcerting fact—though a democratic party happens to be in power.

In internal affairs we act in this country with great simplicity and firmness upon the principle: the will of the majority must prevail. We have not yet got into the way of applying that principle to our foreign policy. In truth, except at rare moments of national passion, the majority has no conscious will in regard to foreign policy at all. Foreign policy is the last entrenchment in which democracy permits feudal traditions to continue in all but untrammelled sway. Occupied with its exigent internal concerns, it is still in the habit of leaving “la haute politique” to the lords and princes. It is their game, it seems to feel, a lordly game which it does not understand, which it has not yet the confidence or the ambition to play itself. Contenting itself with an occasional groan at the armaments it is called on to pay for, with an occasional outburst of generous sympathy for some persecuted people,

with a resort now and then to a futile cosmopolitanism which, if encouraged, could only result in destroying the vital sap of nationality, it lets war and peace and alliances between nations be managed for it by a caste whose interests are directly inimical to its own. Those journalists with whom M. Zola foregathered may even be more sympathetic to the French than he describes, but what would that avail to-morrow morning if some complication, with which men like them in England, or men like M. Zola in France had nothing to do, arose between French and English agents in some part of the world? Half of these gentlemen would not bother to understand what it was about; the other half would write according to the cue of their anti-democratic *confrères*; the whole of them would lose sight at once of their excellent international sentiments—not in consequence of any high conception of the national interest, but in blind obedience to a policy which they had no share in influencing, manœuvred for them by people over whom they have no control. M. Zola knows that in France, although they have abolished lords and princes there, the state of things is no better. He has himself recently denounced in tremendous language the “puppets of a day,” “the scum of ignorance and vanity and unclean ambition,” the hungry and devouring “vermin,” who are now cast up into the places of power in the Republic. The “true France,” the toiling and thinking mass of the people, may be as anxious for friendship with us as M. Zola can desire; but a few corrupt adventurers in Parisian newspaper offices, a few Hebrew speculators with the consciences of half the Chamber of Deputies in their pocket, a few potential Panamists buccaneering on the colonial frontiers, suffice to keep the hatred of England alive, and to drive both nations into playing the game of the enemies of both democracies. At present, an additional barrier to a truly national direction of their foreign policy by the French people is imposed by the Russian alliance, which practically places the decision of peace or war for the French Republic in the hands of the most irresponsible autocrat in the world. Both the French and the English, as well as the German and Austrian and other European democracies, will have to exercise a far more effective control than they now do over their foreign affairs before mere good feeling or calm reason can count for much in shaping them. Even as we write we are ourselves being hurried by a company of private capitalists into a war in South Africa, against which the common sense and the moral sense of the nation equally revolt.

However, in this respect, as in most others, progress is being made. The democratic press in this country is beginning to take a keener interest in foreign policy than, at any rate, it used to do, and we cannot think that the influence of Frenchmen like M. Zola must go entirely for nothing in their own country. For the rest, no unprejudiced and competent judgment can doubt that it is to our best interests as an empire to arrive at a sound understanding with France—an understanding looking not to alliances, but expressly to the avoidance of alliances. We believe the feeling of the mass of people here is more or less as M. Zola has gauged it. But he must not deceive himself about that either. The sentiment of the democracy condemns the terms imposed by Prince Bismarck after the war of 1870 as the chief cause of Continental insecurity since, and it would look upon the eclipse of France as a calamity to the cause of Western progress; but the remains of old prejudices nevertheless exist, and could be easily re-aroused. The two nations have been ancient rivals and ancient enemies. The alliance in the Crimea hardly bettered the mutual

feeling, for owing to the folly of Lord Palmerston in sending an inadequate English army we were forced into the humiliating rôle of second fiddle, and our *amour propre* was hurt. France, too, at the present time, is "sore all over." As M. Zola says, "She has been in sore need, and nobody helped her; she has been severely wounded, and nobody dressed her wounds; she has now been isolated for so long, and naturally she is *énervée*; she has a grievance against the rest of her neighbours." Yet, notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding Egypt, and notwithstanding that our present Foreign Minister is a descendant of Mr. Pitt, we believe that mutual interest and the mass of rational feeling combined are capable of so influencing our relations as to enable England to pursue the policy of absolute neutrality which it is her desire to carry out in face of present Continental complications. Even Pitt, until the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, was eager for peace, and the great mistake of Napoleon's career was his refusal to seize the opportunity which Pitt then held out to him. There is no Napoleon now and no Continental System for Pitt's descendant to rally Europe against; and if the statesmen of France and Russia are wise, there need be no England in the arms of the Triple Alliance.

#### THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE first impression made by the reports of the meeting of the Church Congress this week in Birmingham—a meeting which, in point of the attendance and the variety of activities displayed, is the most successful on record—is that the Church of England has gone very far towards breaking with the bad traditions imposed upon her by her history during the last three hundred years. A generation or more ago, she was only too apt to stand aside—discountenancing new forms of effort, misinterpreting a much-misquoted passage in her own Catechism as an exhortation to "the lower orders" to know their place, and spending on questions as to her own constitution and historical position energies which ought to have been devoted to overtaking the spiritual welfare of a people which had outrun her means of ministration. Now, at least in the great centres of population, the Church appeals to the masses for support. In the provinces, if not yet perhaps in London, she very frequently secures it. She enters into the mazes of economic strife: have we not seen the successor of a line of Prince-Bishops mediating in a labour dispute? She endeavours, with energy if not with originality of effort, to capture the masses by every legitimate form of attraction, from good music to athletic sports, and open-air processions to University settlements. If all this activity tends to crowd out the theological learning which characterised the older High Churchmen, or the lofty mysticism which here and there still characterises the preaching of a stray survival from a past generation of Evangelicals, that only shows the need for a specialisation of function—a distinction between regular and secular clergy, an order of preachers and an order of parish priests—of which there are beginnings in the Church to-day, and which was one of the topics discussed at Birmingham this week. Meantime, as Mr. Gell said at the Congress, every clergyman should know by heart the Housing of the Working Classes Act.

Of the great majority of the discussions at the Congress the limits of our space forbid us to speak.

For comment on strife within the Church this is no place. The clergy, we believe—nay, ministers of all denominations—get on very well together, despite the widest differences in their theological views. The real agents in the exacerbation of religious disputes are the religious laity, whose zeal is, for the most part, wholly untempered by knowledge. So again with the reunion of Christendom: the difficulty here lies in the Church herself. A section of her disciples would gladly unite with their Nonconformist brethren; nay, have united with them—in the Evangelical Alliance, for instance—for many years past. But another section aspire to the Greek ritual, and prefer the monks of Mount Athos to the best of Baptists or Presbyterians. A general inclination was shown for fellowship, if not for reunion; but the disgraceful treatment of the President for his share in the Grindelwald Conference is not promising. Learning and Faith, again, save for the unfortunate scene caused by Father Ignatius, have lived in harmony, and Faith has at least been reasonable. The discussion on labour questions, too, contained much sound sense and excellent morality—including a warm commendation of the "paid agitator" from Prebendary Grier, the miners' friend, and an eloquent advocacy of the rights of Labour from an East-End clergyman who is the son of a Tory peer. But on these matters a general discussion chiefly produces ethical generalities, not to say platitudes.

But some points in the proceedings illustrate the truth that the Church has still something to learn before she can take the full part she claims in social reform. Take, for instance, the debate on religious instruction in public schools. Dr. Percival lent his great authority to the plan of uniform Christian, but not specifically sectarian, class teaching for all boys whose parents make no special objection. The plan has been tried. It works, and it can be supplemented indefinitely by sermons in chapel and by tutorial influence outside of school-hours. But a section of the Congress is determined to teach Church doctrine and Church history—not merely to preach or direct attention to them, but to get them taught in class. The plan does not appear to work with remarkable success. Class-teaching and examining in the most sacred of subjects only degrades those subjects to the ordinary secular level. We are acquainted with the work of certain educational institutions which are purely unsectarian, or even secular, and with others which are among the Churchiest in the Church. Such is the perversity of youth that the general feeling in the unsectarian institutions is decidedly Anglican, while the products of the Church institutions are, more often than not, remarkable for their want of a specially Anglican "tone." But there is a type of mind which will follow out its conceptions of duty in the abstract, irrespective of environment, as if morality were a system *in vacuo*.

It is this type which is the real danger of the Church. It is associated with unworldliness and high principle, but also with ignorance; and it is the kind of thing which active work in the world, aided by Church Congresses, is calculated to cure. But that there is much still to be done before its disappearance is clear from the general tone of the discussion on the Parish Councils Bill. Why should Churchmen be so eager to maintain their position as *ex-officio* trustees of dole charities and obstacles to the reform of those most baleful institutions? Why, again, should they persist in maintaining, with hopelessly inadequate funds, and buildings which at best barely pass the criticism of the inspectors, a system of elementary education which risks the health and progress of the children entrusted to it, and by its rivalry with the School Board system obstructs the way to better things?

The same sort of professional sensitiveness—accompanied by some confusion of thought—is seen in the attitude taken up on the question of Welsh Disestablishment. Underlying all the arguments of the opponents of Disestablishment there is a confusion of the Church of England as one great spiritual body and as a collection of corporations, some of whose endowments, like every other charitable endowment, may be altered in direction by the State. The Anglican Churches in Ireland, in America, in Australia, are spiritually one with the Established Church of England and Wales. What difference, practically, will the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales or Ireland make to their spiritual unity with their younger sister? But the Establishment tends to confuse the spiritual with the secular. Its status and preferments used sometimes to be defended on the ground that a profession should have its prizes and attract capable men. The saints whom Canon Farrar so ardently demanded are not to be made by such methods. As things are, the Church of England is increasing in activity, and getting more and more of a hold on the national life. She is most active where she is least established, as in the new districts in great towns; she is most unpopular where her representatives stand much on their official dignity, as in many a small country parish to-day. A Church which is in this position need have no fears as to the ultimate result of Disestablishment on her spiritual work, nor, indeed, as to the effect on it of a time of transition—if only she will not identify herself with a party, and will keep well away from the influences of Society and the Primrose League.

#### A GOOD HARVEST IN IRELAND.

ALL accounts agree in saying that the Irish harvest is an excellent one. For once her humid climate has stood Ireland in good stead. While the rest of Europe has been scorched by the burning sun of this torrid summer, while the farmer in England and France is wondering how, even with the help of Canadian hay, he will be able to feed his stock through the winter, Ireland, for the first time for many years, has just had sun enough. The surplus rains of a decade must have formed a reservoir in the spongy soil of its bogland, and there has been water enough, and yet not too much water, for pasture and crop. The corn crop—corn means oats in Ireland just as it means maize in America—is excellent. Barley, too, is good, and so is the little wheat which is grown here and there, mostly for the sake of the straw. The flax crop is of small extent—some 67,000 acres, compared with the 300,000 acres of years gone by, when the hard-pressed farmers of Ulster were “flaxing the land out” to make the rent—but the quality is excellent. Potatoes, except in some few districts where the Champion seed requires renewal, are also good—not as plentiful as in some damper years, but better. Turnips, which have so often failed in England, are good in Ireland. And, still more important in a land of flocks and herds, the hay crop is first-rate, so much so that old meadow hay, which would not pay for export to England, sells for about thirty shillings a ton. The pasture, too, is plentiful. Taking it all and all, the Irish farmer, though he is as much given to grumbling as other farmers, will tell you that the harvest is “the best.”

It must not be supposed, of course, that the Irish farmer is passing rich, even after the harvest of 1893. He finds his live-stock selling (even after the recent rise in store cattle) at lower prices than in any year

since 1887. Potatoes are only 2s. a cwt., whereas they were 3s. 9d. in 1887. Butter, though dearer than in 1890, is cheaper than in 1887, though 1887, it will be remembered, was the year in which exceptional legislation was passed, cutting down judicial rents for three years in proportion to the fall in prices. In fact the big farmer who has a heavy rent and labour bill to pay, or the farmer who has fallen into debt during the recent hard years—any man, in a word, who has to turn his produce into money—will not be so much richer for the good harvest as might be supposed. But the small farmer, who consumes a large part of the produce of his farm, will find it a year of plenty. Pigs are still high in price, and will pay the rent on many a mountain holding. There will be enough left on the farm to keep people happy who in an average year are well-nigh starving, and even to pay off the little debts to the shopkeeper, who, in spite of the hard things that are said of him, is the most tolerant of creditors. The warm summer has enabled every cottier to cut and make and draw enough turf, and good turf, to make him independent of the coal famine. Lisconnel, in fact, is looking up.

This is capital good luck for Mr. Morley. If the year had been a bad one, his task during the coming winter might have been very trying. The passing of the Home Rule Bill through the Commons, the nearness of the Promised Land, would have had a mixed effect upon the poorer Irish tenants. It might have made some patient with hope, but others have for so long ceased to hope that the new sensation of expectation, combined with a very present sense of actual want, would not have led, as a necessary psychological consequence, to any very peaceable condition of mind. When it is added that officials (whom Mr. Morley trusts a great deal more than we should have been disposed to do) are not always as careful as they ought to be to avoid friction with the people, and have been proclaiming meetings and taking out summonses under the old incorrect translation of the statute of Edward III., it is quite clear that the happy increase of material comfort did not come before it was wanted. Mr. Morley must be prepared to expect more severe criticism in his second than in his first year of office. The people, carefully schooled by priest and politician, made it quite a copy-book heading that they were not to embarrass the Government. With their keen practical instinct, they said it was only reasonable to give Mr. Morley time enough to master all the details of the Castle system, and not to expect a new scheme of administration to be started the very moment that a Home Rule Chief Secretary landed at Kingstown. Nor did they expect administrative change when Mr. Morley was busy at Westminster fighting for the Home Rule Bill. But now that he is more at leisure they would naturally expect more. The good harvest will cool the unreasonable who demand the impossible. It will make the mass of the people reasonable enough to receive and profit by the possible. Pat Ryan will be more inclined to pardon the occasional insolence of the police if his stomach is full than he would be if his stomach were empty. If Mr. Stanislaus Brady, the local organiser, is appointed a justice of the peace, he will be much more inclined to act moderately, both on the bench and in the Poor Law board-room, than he would be if his neighbours were starving. Mr. Morley has his difficulties. The evicted tenants remain as a burden upon the generosity of the country, and as a sore burden to themselves. The very goodness of the harvest may here and there give some poor peasant an extra fever of land-hunger, and make him take an evicted farm, in spite of the inevitable punishment of popular disfavour. The officials, too, are a